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May 5, 1965
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The Australian

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WORTH REPORTING

SYDNEY housewife Mrs. Richard Sterling, of Collaroy, N.S.W., pretends she doesn't have a worry in the world when it comes to coping with everyday problems in the home.

For her husband, an astrologer, solves them "in advance" by looking into the stars.

"He tells me everything I need to know, from the best day to have my hair permed to when to buy a new carpet," said Mrs. Sterling.

Mr. Sterling's guidance isn't confined to everyday problems.

When they were house-hunting two years ago, and after several months had almost given up hope, he looked into his wife's horoscope and announced she would find her dream home on April 17, 1964.

"That was the day an agent rang to say he had 'just the house' for us—the one we live in now," she said.

When Mr. Sterling was a boy on a property at Cowra, N.S.W., astrology was his father's hobby. "He even used to consult the stars to plant his crops."

The boy studied at the Sydney Conservatorium and became a musician.

Then, when he was in London in 1954, he met astrologer Dr. W. J. Tucker — "an uncanny man who was originally a scientist and turned to the stars in his spare time, writing more than a dozen books on the subject" — and joined his School of Astrology.

★ ★ ★

ALMOST anything can be hired in this day and age . . . from cars, televisions, and typewriters to costumes for masked balls, or chairs for a party.

The trend even extends into the scientific world.

The CSIRO's four computers (the Control Data 3600 in Canberra and its smaller 3200s in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney) are for "hire" — but they are available only to other Commonwealth Government departments and universities who use the machines for scientific computing.

OUR COVER

• The girl in blue is Sydney model Pat Morgan. She is 19 (came from England when she was three), a full-time model, with an identical-twin sister, and a corgi dog. Picture by Attila Bujdoso.

Little world in the south

A TRANSPLANTED North Islander, Gertrude Dempsey, writes winningly of her years on small Stewart Island, the southernmost part of New Zealand.

The Little World of Stewart Island (A. H. and A. W. Reed, 30/-) recounts the eventful tranquillity of living where everyone depends on the twice-weekly mail and supply steamer from the mainland, and the untouched beaches offer up an always changing variety of gifts from the sea.

The author married the son of an old island family with some Maori ancestors.

In Maori, the island is named Rakiura, Isle of the Glowing Skies—more appropriate than its prosaic English label.

Boat trips to an old Norwegian whaling base, bush walks, discovering rock oysters on a deserted beach, a retired seafarer with a house built in the shape of a ship, a stray penguin who tries to follow the children to school—calmly marvellous happenings make up the pattern of life on the island.

★ ★ ★

AQUARIUM specialists who read our gardening feature on pools (April 14 issue) point out that the quantity of copper sulphate we gave for cleaning pools was excessive, and in any case they suggest it should not be used by home gardeners in pools containing fish. They suggest ½oz. potassium permanganate to 12,000 gal. of water (dissolve in a bucket of warm water, pour gently into pool).

• The Sterlings at their front door.

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HE'LL RECORD TWO OF KIM'S SONGS

KIM NOVAK, star of The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders, *with Lionel Long, who has a small part in the film (to be released in Australia by Paramount). During filming in England Kim gave Lionel some of the songs she had written.*

Holiday paid off for Lionel Long

● "If I'd come to England intent on breaking into show business in a big way I'd soon have been disillusioned. I've been pretty lucky."

By BRIAN GIBSON, of our London staff

THE speaker was Australian singer Lionel Long, whose quiet manner and even quieter approach to British show business have paid off.

He's one of the number of men playing opposite Kim Novak in the forthcoming movie "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders"; his book of Australian folksongs is selling well; and recording, radio, and television work is being lined up here and on the Continent.

Australia won't be seeing this particular folksinger for some months, despite the fact that his wife, Carrie, wanted the baby she expects in three months' time to be born in Australia.

"We had our heart set on it," she told me, "but I guess we've left it a little late now. Still, it should have an Australian accent."

The Longs arrived in London in November. Carrie's parents are British, and it was at their home in West London that I met the young couple.

"You know," said Lionel, "we only came over on a holiday, because Carrie hadn't seen her parents in 11 years. Six months we gave ourselves here, and they've gone like lightning."

Lionel admitted that, holiday apart, he'd come to Britain with an idea of looking into the show-business scene.

"Of course, it was a wonderful opportunity to tie the two things in," he said. "I'd never been to London, and at home you hear so much about show business here that it's a great temptation to come and see for yourself."

AUSTRALIANS DON'T ALWAYS HIT THE TOP

To come and see is one thing, to break in is another. Frank Ifield and Patsy Ann Noble apart, few Australian singers make the big time here. Robby Royal is about to start his climb with a new disc selling well and a lucrative summer season on Jersey about to begin. Rob E.G., a great friend of Lionel Long, is battling hard to get a disc away.

"Sure it's a tough scene," said Lionel "and there's an element of the rat race. There always is. But I've managed to avoid that, and the people I've met have been wonderfully helpful to me."

Lionel's biggest break was in landing a small part in *Moll Flanders,* the Daniel Defoe classic which was one of the costliest films made in Britain last year. Besides Kim Novak, it has a cast that includes Richard Johnson and the Australian Leo McKern, who has since filmed with the Beatles and Dirk Bogarde.

LIONEL LONG and his wife, Carrie, who are now in England.

"Leo appears in the scene I play," said Lionel. "The whole film thing was sheer luck.

"A friend played some of my folk records to Terence Young, the director, who suggested that, as a visiting Australian singer, I might like to see the movie being made.

"Well, I went down to Shepperton, met Young and we got on well.

"He suggested that I come back another day, and when I did he offered me this small part in the picture.

"I also got to know Kim quite well, and she writes songs.

"Actually, I'm hoping to record a couple that she gave me. It was really fantastic the way it all happened."

An Australian folksong which Lionel performed on the television show *Tonight* brought a favorable response from the BBC, who want him to film a "pilot" program of his own. He is also lined-up for television appearances in France and Spain.

The accent on the hit-parade charts and the obvious popularity still of long-haired groups do not worry Lionel.

"Hit records are all right, but they're the cream that you add to the main course," he said.

"The pop scene is pretty much as we know it back home, although I like a lot of the newcomers here like Marianne Faithful and Tom Jones.

"I was glad to see the Seekers get away, because it strengthens the folk scene. There will always be a market for folk, and I shall probably do a folksong for my first disc release."

FOLKSONGS — ON DISC AND IN PRINT

Lionel's book, *Favorite Australian Folk Songs,* which he compiled with his friend Graham Jenkin, was out soon after his arrival in London.

"The British," he said, "are pretty keen on Australian songs, although most of them only know things like *The Pub With No Beer* and *Tie Me Kangaroo Down.*

"I'd like to see them become more popular, because they're a wonderful insight into Australian life and character."

The Longs are happy in London, despite the fact that, like many Australians abroad, they miss aspects of life at home.

"For the first three weeks I just couldn't adjust," said Lionel. "It was all so strange and new.

"We miss sailing and horse-riding, both of which are pretty exclusive sports here.

"But life has its compensations. The countryside, for one thing, is beautiful, and you can find those tiny villages tucked away that are just like the ones on travel posters. We've done a fair bit of travelling around since I bought a car, and we're hoping to take a holiday soon in Devon and Cornwall.

"Everywhere we go I take sketch pads, and I'd like to go home with about 40 paintings and have an exhibition."

But the Longs, as I said, won't be seeing Australia for some time, although Lionel may go back for about three weeks later in the year for television appearances.

Lionel is excited by the growth of Australian entertainment and the possibilities that face a film industry that could still, he believes, be one of the world's finest.

"Films excite me tremendously," he said, "and people forget that Australia played a major role in the early days of movies.

"I'd like to see some of our folk legends come alive on film, because there are some wonderful stories.

"When Carrie and I eventually get home I shall probably buy a small place in the country and devote some time to compiling another book and go deeper into the legends and folksongs.

"There's a lifetime's work in it, and as Australia's importance grows her history will be important to everyone."

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–NEXT WEEK–

Eight-page lift-out:

Here's a complete guide to the growing and care of cacti and succulents – to help you add a "different" look to your garden.

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And:

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DON'T MISS . . . **the first instalment of our new two - part serial by famous author Philip Wylie . . .**

"CASTLES IN THE AIR"

What topline MAN works till 2 a.m.?

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● "I have always had the theory that if a man with a good brain can work with a woman and accept her ideas, they make an almost unbeatable combination," said Miss Gracemary MacKinnon, M.B.E.

MISS MacKINNON

A woman executive tells about her job

MISS MacKinnon has been secretary of the Australian Wool Board for 25 years and is also secretary of the International Wool Secretariat.

Top women executives in international organisations are pretty rare beings. In Australia, two women hold high positions in the International Wool Secretariat — Miss MacKinnon and Miss Nan Sanders, who is director of promotion.

Miss MacKinnon readily agrees with the adage that behind every successful man there is a woman.

She adds: "And behind every able male executive there is a very active female secretary."

But she also believes the reverse is true — and that behind every successful woman executive there is an encouraging man.

Miss MacKinnon's big chance of executive status came in her early 20s when she was on the staff of the Graziers' Association of Victoria.

"The Australian Wool Board was formed in 1940 in quite a small way within the offices of the Graziers' Association," she said, "and the first chairman of the Wool Board, Sir Dalziel Kelly, liked women executives. He recommended my appointment to the Board as secretary."

To her protestations that she couldn't possibly do it, he simply answered, "I think you can." His confidence, she now says, gave her confidence.

In the early years, encouragement from the men meant a lot to Miss MacKinnon.

Naturally, she learned to become a judge of male ability.

"If a man is so competent himself and is big enough, he will accept a woman on her working merits, regardless of her sex," she said. "It is always the measure of a man, whether he can accept a woman in a big job."

On the other hand, it is a compliment when the men with whom a woman works are not aware of her as a woman.

It's a real eye-opener to see a picture of an International Wool Secretariat board meeting in the impressive board room at the Australian Wool Board's building in Melbourne. Round the table are 22 men and one woman —Miss MacKinnon.

"You have to be twice as good as a man," she said. "Otherwise they'd say, 'What can you expect — she's only a woman.'

"I'm lucky that all the men with whom I work are tops in their fields and easy to work with."

Abroad

On May 6 Miss MacKinnon is going abroad for a three and a half weeks' world trip. It will take her to Dallas, Texas, New York, Mexico City, and then London.

On May 25 she will be present at the official opening of Wool House, the new IWS headquarters in Pall Mall.

Miss MacKinnon has been secretary of the IWS since it was reconstituted in 1961. Before that she was secretary of the "old" IWS, first formed in 1937, for eight years between 1947 and 1955.

But her link with this international body goes even further back.

"I was present at the first meeting of the previous IWS in Melbourne in 1937 as a junior member of the staff," she said.

Nowadays meetings are very impressive affairs, she said, with the 13 members of the board — seven from Australia, three from New Zealand, and three from South Africa — conferring with technical experts and scientists who know all about wool.

"To me it is stimulating. In this organisation we have some of the world's best brains," she said.

Dealing with one of these big meetings is a major operation even for someone as experienced as Miss MacKinnon.

One of the things that has helped tremendously is the fact that she is an expert shorthand writer.

While a meeting is actually going on the hours are long and hard.

"I am in the office at eight in the morning, and it is not uncommon for me to leave again at 12.30 the next morning," she said.

"Even though I have a team of hired verbatim writers, I still have to do the minutes of the meeting and a very full record called 'proceedings.' These have to be ready for board members at ten the next morning."

Everything must come through Miss MacKinnon's hands. "I am the bottleneck," she said cheerfully. "I suppose there's one in any big organisation.

"We have a real production line and it goes on right through the day.

"When the meeting breaks for morning tea, I dictate during that quarter of an hour what has gone on in the previous hour. I don't go out for lunch, but have a sandwich while dictating.

"The same happens in the afternoon. In the evening I start to catch up.

"But, by the end of a five-day meeting I am really struggling."

One thing she has noted: "You sit in this board meeting, shut in one room, for about 16 hours a day. At the end of a week it's refreshing to hear women's voices."

She added: "We get extra staff. A team of five, for instance, works on dictation, typing, duplication, and collating."

Miss MacKinnon's mainstay, however, is her secretary, Miss Thelma Emmerson, who has been with her for 16 years and who takes over much of the routine.

Long day

October meetings of the IWS are held in the Southern Hemisphere, and during the one held in New Zealand, Miss MacKinnon used to slip sheaves of papers under board members' hotel doors at two in the morning at the end of her day's work.

"You couldn't ask anyone else to do this," she said.

She agreed that a man in her positon probably would not do it. This sort of thing, she said, is one very big difference between the male and the female executive.

"Basically, a woman likes to serve as well as to direct," she said.

"For instance, it's natural for a woman to offer a man a glass of water and an aspirin if he looks a bit the worse for wear in the morning—even if it is at work."

In such ways working is not so different from running a home, she said.

Board meetings arranged by Miss MacKinnon have the woman's touch.

One of the most interesting things about the IWS to Miss MacKinnon is the number of nationalities involved. The IWS has 20 branches, and it is policy to have a national of the country concerned in charge.

Planning a dinner-table for 20 can have its problems, with international tastes in food to consider.

"And I find it hard to get the temperature of the boardroom right," she said.

"If it's too warm the New Zealanders start taking off their coats, and if it's too cool the Americans and Canadians start putting theirs on."

Perhaps no single thing in her office sums up her position more than the international time clock on the cupboard near her desk.

This is an essential part of her office equipment — and when the chairman of the Wool Board and IWS, Sir William Gunn, dashes in and asks, "What time is it in Wyoming?" she can tell him immediately.

It's just as well Miss MacKinnon loves travelling. She quite often flies up to Sydney from Melbourne and back in the day.

But ship travel — no! She took four weeks' holiday in 1958 and went to Japan and back by ship.

"Never again," she said. "It was too slow."

Last year's short holiday flying to New Zealand "to look at the mountains" and flying back, was just right.

Miss MacKinnon loves gardening "when I have the time," and, so that it won't matter if she doesn't, she has planted trees and perennials.

She is a member of the Soroptimists' Club — her purpose being to meet people who have nothing to do with wool, professional people, university lecturers, and others.

"And I like to belong to a women's club because I work with men all the time," she said.

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Glamor model Ford for 1965

(she's Henry's new wife)

● ***Three high-powered Fords are about to visit Australia.***

ITALIAN-BORN Cristina Ford has a warm, outgoing personality, and prefers laughter-lines to a smooth, deadpan face. In looks she resembles Ingrid Bergman. Pictures of her by the Detroit News.

NO. 1 Ford is the boss himself — Henry Ford II, the 47-year-old convivial (rivals call him "huggy-bear") grandson of the patriarch of the assembly line. He is coming to Australia on business.

No. 2 Ford is a spanking new model — Henry's glamorous new bride, Venetian-born Maria Cristina Vettore Austin Ford — blonde, long-haired, long-limbed, and 39.

With them is Charlotte Ford, 24, a daughter by his first marriage to Anne McDonnell Ford.

The first Mrs. Ford divorced the motor-car magnate a year ago in Idaho on the grounds of mental cruelty, freeing him to marry the Italian charmer

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff.

CRISTINA, in lynx coat, leaves the Ford Georgian mansion to go for a walk, a favorite pastime. Right: The first Mrs. Henry Ford II.

he had met in 1960. Anne Ford got a colossal financial settlement, reportedly between 16 and 20 million dollars (between £A7,500,000 and £A9,300,000).

Almost a year after his divorce, Henry Ford quietly married Maria Cristina in a Washington hotel, and they jetted to Switzerland for a three-week honeymoon.

Cristina hadn't even had time to meet all the servants in the fabulous Ford mansion at Grosse Pointe Farm, Michigan, when the Australian trip came up.

Rather than separate from Henry so soon, she decided to go along. And Charlotte, an outgoing post-debutante who gets along extremely well with her father's lively new bride, insisted on making it a threesome.

(Both Charlotte and her sister, Anne, 21, had joined their father and Cristina on their honeymoon.)

The new Mrs. Ford is, according to reports, warm, natural, gay, amusing, and full of life. She is 5ft. 8in. tall, wears size ten, and favors basic black.

"*Chic* is not her forte," said an acquaintance of hers. "She is not overly interested in clothes or other worldly manifestations — tends to neglect her looks, unlike other women."

Also Cristina Ford is not in the least withdrawn in nature. Shortly after taking over the Ford menage at Detroit, she welcomed Eleanor Breitmeyer, the social editor of the *Detroit News*.

In her story Mrs. Breitmeyer likened the new Mrs. Ford's appearance to Ingrid Bergman's.

Cristina's eyes are green-grey and "her suntanned skin is smooth and needs no make-up."

Those smiles . . .

In a throaty voice Cristina asked the interviewer: "Why is it American women seem only to smile with their teeth? Is it because they are afraid of getting wrinkles around their eyes? Me, I would rather get them. They are happy wrinkles—of character.

"Who wants a face like a mummy?"

Mrs. Ford said she weighs 8st. 13lb. "But my husband doesn't like a thin girl. He likes a little roundness. Why, you have no idea how much bread, potatoes, and ice-cream I eat."

And again: "Why is it that American women make such a business of clothes shopping? If I could I would hire someone to do it for me. I have no patience for such things. I often go into a store, pick something out, have it sent home without trying it on.

"Besides, happiness is not in clothes or objects. It's inside. I'm happiest when I am alone with my husband."

The interviewer asked Mrs. Ford what Mr. Ford liked her to wear. "Anything," she replied. "So long as it is black."

(In the 1920s, when Model Ts began rolling off the world's first assembly line and turning the American economy upside-down, Henry Ford I was asked what colors the new car would be available in. "The buyer can have any color he likes," Ford is said to have replied, "as long as it is black.")

With any color car she would like at her disposal, Mrs. Ford prefers, for pleasure, to ride a bicycle — she took over Mr. Ford's red and white bicycle, not even bothering to obtain a girl's model.

"That's my best sport," she confided. "And as long as I'm outside in the fresh air I'm happy. I swim and ski a little. And I plan to learn how to play golf.

"I love flowers. And I'm going to make a little vegetable garden out there," she said, pointing in the direction of the formal french-terraced gardens.

"I love nature, the country — that's why I don't play cards. And don't plan to learn. I'm happier walking."

An amateur sculptress, Mrs. Ford wants to resume her hobby, using her husband as her first subject.

"He has no time to sit still, to pose right now," she said.

From Venice

Two years ago, before Ford's first wife divorced him, but after their separation, friends guessed at but weren't quite sure what had broken up the storybook marriage.

Then he bought a 187ft. yacht and named it the Santa Maria—and everyone knew.

Maria Cristina first visited New York in 1949 from Montreal, where she lived with her husband, Robin William Melville Austin. (Austin still lives there and is president of Cartier Refined Sugars Ltd.) For the past three years, she has occupied a four-room terraced apartment on the 17th floor of a building on Park Avenue.

Born in Venice, the second of three children of a well-to-do physician, she went to a convent school in Milan and a back-country school that was "not so good." After the war she studied art for two years at the Accademia di Belle Arti at the Brera Palace, Milan.

When she was 20 her family sent her to Britain, and there she met and married Mr. Austin, whose family lived in Barbados, British West Indies, and who was serving in the Royal Navy at the time.

After his discharge they settled in Montreal. She divorced him in March, 1955, by an Act of the Canadian Parliament (necessary because there is no divorce under Quebec law).

Maria Cristina went back to Milan and worked as a model. In the meantime she frequented St. Moritz, the Swiss winter playground of tycoons, nobility, society, and film stars, and the French Riviera in the summer.

Then came the fateful meeting at a dinner party given at Maxim's. Cristina's beauty that night was reported as outshining even that of another guest — Princess Grace of Monaco.

When they are in Australia, Maria Cristina and Charlotte may want to try the skiing — if it's on then. They are both ardent skiers.

Henry doesn't bother much with the sport.

HENRY FORD II and his daughter Charlotte, 24, who will accompany him and his wife to Australia. There is a second daughter, Anne, named after her mother.

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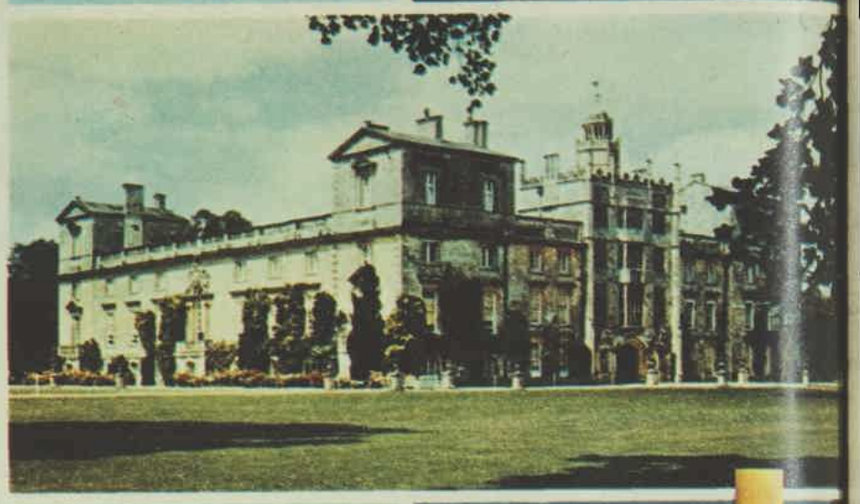

IN ENGLAND... ALL OVER THE WORLD... SO MUCH MORE TO ENJOY

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Don't let those medical terms bamboozle you

● What is *Adiposis dolorosa?* Or even *Tension alopecia!?* A doctor who believes that patients should not be bamboozled by medical jargon has written a book to interpret it: "Parr's Concise Medical Encyclopedia." John Anthony Parr is the pseudonym of a doctor who broadcasts every week on the B.B.C., and writes for the London "Daily Mail." His co-author is a sub-editor of medical books, Mr. Robert Young.

THERE is nothing in this new and entertaining book that couldn't be found by poring through several medical volumes, but the clear, entertaining writing makes it enjoyable.

The writers get across their feeling that the body, its diseases and defects, is something we must live with, and that people should understand its basic properties.

They emphasise that there is no place for superstition, misinformation, or exaggerated deference to doctors in the modern medical world. It is the patient's right to be told about medical developments in a straightforward, simplified manner.

Complex names exist for such simple things.

For **instance, acetylsalicylic acid is aspirin.**

"Cephalalgia" is just a headache, "chirospasm" is writer's cramp.

"Pachytic" means thick or fat, "spanogyny" indicates a decline in the number of females being born, and "alethia" is the inability to forget.

"Adiposis dolorosa. A condition characterised by the presence of painful, tender lumps of fat in the body and usually affecting females who adopt a mournful attitude to life."

"ADT on a prescription means that the chemist can flavor the medicine with what he likes — any damn thing!"

Some of the definitions reveal the historical development of medicine.

The medical symbol of snakes and sticks, called the Caduceus, originated when early Christians used to go into Roman temples to beat to death the sacred snakes with sticks.

The symbol now represents "the determination of doctors to eradicate from medicine all forms of chicanery and charlatanism."

By *JUDE AINSWORTH*

An interesting legend about the discovery of quinine is related: When the wife of a Spanish governor colonising South America was very ill with fever, her Inca maid cured her with a native remedy — quinine bark steeped in boiling water and pounded with a pestle.

A Jesuit priest was impressed by the cure. He ordered vast quantities of the bark to be shipped to Europe, where it was used to treat malaria in the Jesuit monasteries and called "Jesuit Bark."

Violent, anxiety-producing dreams are called nightmares, because the Norse god Mara supposedly strangled sleeping people.

Some children are prone to bad dreams because their blood-sugar level is low. Extra sugar with the evening meal will relieve them.

The "risus sardonicus," or sardonic grin, is a term for the facial muscle spasm in cases of tetanus, originating from a legend about the sardonia plant found in Sardinia. People who ate this, it was said, laughed so violently that they died.

"Belladonna. A drug obtained from the plant *Atropa belladonna,* popularly known as the deadly nightshade.

"Literally translated, belladonna means beautiful lady, and the ladies at the court of ancient Rome instilled the drug into their eyes to dilate the pupils. This, supposedly, gave them a soft, attractive, dreamy, and sexy appearance presumed to be overpowering to the opposite sex — in other words, the ancient 'come-hither' look."

A wry sense of humor often shows up in the book.

Here's what they say on chlorophyll: "For some obscure reason this substance was for a time popular as a remedy for bad-smelling breath, irrespective of whether it was due to onions or beer.

"The illogicality of this is obvious when one remembers the small couplet: 'The stinking goat upon the hill is very full of chlorophyll.'

"Surely if chlorophyll is a deodorant, then the goat, who swallows more of it in a day than any other animal, would smell sweetly — in point of fact it stinks."

"Cinnamon. The dried bark of a tree, used as a spice. It had a vogue some years ago as a certain cure for a feverish cold. The cold lasted 21 days with cinnamon treatment, and without it, three weeks"

The cause of migraine headaches is not really known, though allergies, eyesight difficulties, digestive upsets, fatigue, anxiety, and frustration are suspects.

There is just as great a difference of opinion on methods of treatment.

Says the book, "One eminent consultant who suffers with migraine firmly believes in eating half a pound of barley sugar a day during an attack and reverely restricting his fat intake, but since he has had migraine for over 20 years his treatment seems to have little to recommend it."

Considering the strange treatments that have been popular in the past, it is a wonder that anyone ever recovered.

Sufferers from goitre, an enlargement of the thyroid gland, once thought that the hand of a recently executed criminal placed on the goitre would cure it.

"In fact, the only person who benefited was the public executioner, who collected fees from the people waiting at the foot of the gallows."

An old name for scrofula, or tuberculous glands in the neck, was "king's evil," and it was believed that it could be cured by the touch of a king's hand.

6d. a wart

"The superstition started during the reign of Edward the Confessor, and thousands of people attended great ceremonies in order to have their affliction touched.

"In the 15th century the practice became an elaborate church ceremony, and the ritual was included in the Church of England's Book of Common Prayer until 1719."

Warts are thought to be caused by a virus and are treated in many ways, including surgery and chemical applications.

"An old-fashioned belief that warts could be charmed away does appear to have been sometimes effective, despite the fact that it cannot be scientifically explained.

"One chemist in an Essex village kept on his counter a wart book in which the customer entered his name and address, paid sixpence, and then left the shop."

In the Middle Ages unicorn horn was a prized medicine. Dishonest vendors sold goat horn or ivory as the horn of this mythical beast. There is a record of one being sold in Germany in the 16th century for the equivalent of about £35,000.

It was supposedly capable of destroying poison that had been mixed with food, a favored medieval method of removing enemies from high positions.

Although a stethoscope is taken for granted now as routine equipment, it was regarded with great suspicion when it was invented in 1816.

Patients accused the inventor of trying to pry into God's secrets and called the instrument the "Devil's Trumpet."

"Raspberry tea. An infusion made by pouring boiling water on to raspberry leaves. It was at one time taken by pregnant women as a guarantee of producing a healthy baby. It is an old superstition of no known value."

"Tension alopecia. This occurs at the sides of women's heads, due to the too-tight use of hair curlers, and in young children who pull out the hair at the sides of the scalp. Infants also get bald patches on the back of the scalp from always lying on a pillow."

"Deja vu. A French term literally meaning 'already seen.' Medically it refers to a dream state in which experiences seem to have happened before, the feeling that one has already been in a place or seen a person before, whereas, in fact, one has not.

"Railway spine"

"It is thought to be due to forgotten or repressed day-dreams about a similar situation on another occasion, and it is the basis of some of the rubbish that is used by certain people to assert that their spirit has visited a place without their having been there in the flesh. It is a trick of the memory."

"Page's disease. A form of neurosis which develops in a casualty who is consciously or subconsciously determined to obtain compensation. Also known as Erichsen's disease, and railway spine."

"Parr's Concise Medical Encyclopedia" (Elsevier, Essex) will be on sale in Australia this month. Besides 499 pages of medical definitions, the book lists common medical suffixes and prefixes, prescription abbreviations (see below), childhood immunisation schedules, disease incubation periods, blood group classifications, instructions in first aid—and such oddities as a list of the patron saints of medicine.

HOW TO READ A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

aa. Of each.
a.c. Before meals.
ad. To.
ad lib. At pleasure.
agit. Shake or stir.
alb. White.
alter. The other.
alternis horis. Every other hour.
ante. Before.
applic. An application for external use.
aq. Water.
aq bull. Boiling water.
aq comm. Ordinary water.
aq dest. Distilled water.
aurist. Ear drops.
b.i.d. Twice daily.
bis. Twice.
c. With.
cat. A poultice.
cibus. Food.
co. Compound, compounded.
collod. Collodions.
collunarium. A nasal douche or lotion.
collut. A mouthwash.
collyr. An eyewash or lotion.
conspers. A dusting powder.
cor. The heart.
cordis. The heart.
crem. A cream.
dec. Pour off.
de d in d. From day to day.
deglut. May be swallowed.
dexter. The right.
dextra. The right.
dieb alt. Every other day.
dil. Dilute.
eadem. The same.
elix. An elixir.
em. An emulsion.
emp. Plaster.
emuls. An emulsion.
en, enem. Enema.
flav. Yellow.
f or ft. Make, let it be made.
garg. A gargle.
gt or gtt. A drop or drops.
gutt. Eye drops.
haust. A draught.
inf. An infusion.
inject. An injection.
inter. Between.
lin. Liniment.
linct. A linctus.
liq. A lotion.
M. Mix.
m. Minim.
mist. A mixture.
mitte. Send.
no. The number.
nocte. Night.
noctis. Night.
non. Not.
non rep. Do not repeat.
O. Pint.
ol. Oil.
omni hor. Every hour.
omni mane. Every morning.
omni nocte. Every night.
p.c. After food.
pes. The foot.
pil. A pill or pills.
potus. A drink.
prand. A meal.
p.r.n. When necessity arises.
pro. For.
pro inf. For children.
prox. The nearest.
pulv. A powder or powders.
q.i.d. Four times a day.
q.s. A sufficient quantity.
q.v. As much as you like.
R. Please dispense, take.
rep. Repeat.
septem. Seven.
sextus. Sixth.
sicc. Dry.
S.O.S. As and when necessary.
sig. Let it be written, label.
solve. Dissolve.
spt. Spirit.
ss. A half.
st, stet. Let it stand.
stat. Immediately.
suppos. Suppository.
syr. Syrup.
tab. A tablet or tablets.
t.d.s. Three times a day.
t.i.d. Three times a day.
tinct. A tincture.
tr. A tincture.
troch. A lozenge.
ung. Ointment.
vap. Inhalations.
vesp. The evening.
vin. Wine.
vitrell. Glass capsules.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5341539

HIS HOME WAS A CASTLE
BUT HE FELT HEMMED IN

Baron's son wants to be a jackaroo

● The work of a jackaroo in the Australian outback will contrast sharply with the life of hunt balls, shooting parties, and skiing holidays that the Hon. Simon Dewar knew at home in his father's castle in Scotland.

THE HON. SIMON DEWAR, second son of third Baron Forteviot, of Perthshire, Scotland. Simon recently arrived in Australia.

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

FOR Simon, the tall, quiet, 24-year-old son of the third Baron Forteviot, has left Dupplin Castle and recently arrived in Sydney to get a job on a sheep or cattle property.

But life on the land won't be altogether new to Simon. After going to school at Bradfield, England ("My father went to Eton, but I didn't have the brains"), he spent 12 months at Cirencester Agricultural College.

For the past two years he has managed a sheep and fodder-crop farm on one of his father's estates in Perthshire.

"It was small, though — 150 acres of the very rich agricultural land of the Strath Eran Valley," said Simon. "I expect it will seem like a well-kept vegetable garden after I have seen the kind of challenge that faces Australian agriculturists.

"I suppose that's what attracted me to Australia more than anything — the vastness of it all. You see, I can't stand to be shut in."

(Simon, unlike his elder brother, James, turned down the offer of a career with the family firm, the whisky distillers, founded in the 19th century by John Dewar. His father is managing director.)

"I would suffocate in office life, and felt working as the boss's son would give me little satisfaction," Simon told me. "I would much rather make my own way."

BARONESS FORTEVIOT, mother of the Hon. Simon Dewar.

While we were on the subject of family activities, Simon couldn't resist telling me with a proud grin that another of his family, a chemist and physicist of some repute called Sir James Dewar (1842-1923), invented the vacuum flask.

"One of the cleverer members of the clan," he said.

Simon, his brother, James, and sisters, Caroline and Penelope, grew up in a series of homes between Perthshire and London, where his father has to spend much time on business.

The second Baron Forteviot, Simon's uncle John Dewar, died in 1947, and it was then that his father succeeded to the title.

So the family moved from their home in Essex to great Dupplin Castle, set in parklands on the family's Perthshire estate, about 40 miles from Edinburgh.

The castle, originally built in medieval times, was destroyed during the Jacobite rebellions in the 18th century against the Hanoverian kings.

"We're rather proud of the castle's war record," said Simon with a smile. "It's even had its own battle — the Battle of Dupplin, fought in the early 14th century in a dispute between warring clans, I think."

It was rebuilt on approximately the same site on the side of the Strath Eran Valley by Simon's great-grandfather, the first Baron Forteviot, more than 100 years ago.

"Everything was fine," said Simon, "until World War II, when the Polish Army took it over as a hospital. Afterwards there was so much havoc that my mother had to almost completely renovate the interior when we moved up in 1947, except for one wing no longer in use.

"But even though it was an immense undertaking, it was the first time it had been touched since it was rebuilt by my great-grandfather. Mother is a very keen interior decorator, so I think she had a lot of fun doing it."

Lady Forteviot (formerly Cynthia Le Gendre Starkie) centred the new interior designs on the wonderful family collection of antique furniture, including some great old oak pieces of the heavy Gothic period.

Simon said his favorite room was the vast baronial hall, "although we only use it when we have large dinner parties or shooting parties during the partridge and pheasant season from October to February.

"It has some magnificent paintings on its walls, and I suppose I regard it as a sort of haven — for just sitting and thinking more than anything," he said.

Apart from country life, his greatest interest is skiing.

"I hope to visit the Australian resorts, of which I've heard such good reports—the Swiss ski team did some racing here last year—but it really all depends on where I work as a jackaroo," he said.

"If it's in Queensland, or very far north in New South Wales, I expect I'll miss it —this winter, anyway."

After Simon's car arrives in May, he and his 23-year-old cousin Fiona Dewhurst, from London, plan a six-week motor trip to the Northern Territory before he begins working.

Fiona is on a four-month visit to Australia.

"Since I hope eventually to buy a property here, that trip should be a good chance to see exactly the sort of land it might be," said Simon. "My ambition is to become a really successful property owner."

DUPPLIN CASTLE, the home of Baron Forteviot, father of the Hon. Simon Dewar.

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'Shadow-Prufe'

Love it in 'Mamselle'

lush with extravaganza in French lace. Shadow-prufe nylon, truly opaque. White/Black, White/White, Black/Black, Mocca/Mink, Spun Gold/Mink.

9636) Sizes 32-38. 59/11.

9696) Matching Half Slip. Sizes 24-28 39/11.

9236) Matching Brief. SSW-OS 12/11.

9237) Matching French Brief. SSW-W. 13/11.

9637) Matching Chemise. Sizes 32-36. White/Black, Mocca/Mink, 59/11.

From the fashion world of Kayser International

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"HELLO, DOLLY!"

MATCHMAKER Dolly Levi, a professional marriage broker, sets off from the railway depot at Yonkers to arrange a meeting in New York between her client Horace Vandergelder and milliner Mrs. Irene Molloy.

DOLLY LEVI (Carole Cook), the thrice-married Yonkers matchmaker, sweeps into Mrs. Molloy's hat shop. American comedienne Carole Cook has been compared with Lucille Ball, "Lucy" of television fame.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

● ***Hello, Dolly!***, **which opened recently in Sydney at Her Majesty's Theatre, is based on Thornton Wilder's comedy *The Matchmaker*. The hit musical has beautiful costuming, superb decor, and catchy music.**

YONKERS MEN Cornelius Hackl (Bill Mullikin, left) and Barnaby Tucker (Brian Hannan) go on a spree in New York with Irene Molloy (Jill Perryman, front) and Minnie Fay (Tikki Taylor).

HORACE VANDERGELDER (Jack Goode) is the "half-a-millionaire," middle-aged hero, owner of the Yonkers Hay and Feed Depot. Horace is looking for a wife to housekeep for him.

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WAITERS at the Harmonica Gardens Restaurant welcome Dolly back to New York with **Hello, Dolly!**, *title song of the musical. The Sydney production at Her Majesty's Theatre is the first outside America, where it has been running on Broadway for 15 months.*

DOLLY sings **I Put My Hand In,** *revealing that her efforts to marry off Vandergelder to Mrs. Molloy are nothing but a smokescreen to cover up her own secret plan — she wants to marry Horace herself.*

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HERCO FACE LOTION with TURTLE OIL

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When age lines begin to show on your face . . . that is when you need this unique Herco Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. This is a woman's preparation . . . a different kind of facial lotion which can bring you a younger, fresher, smoother look.

PROVED EFFECTIVE WITH 8 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

You can actually feel Herco Face Lotion with Turtle Oil doing you good — because it works not just on your skin but in your skin. Hundreds of women already report astonishing results from using Herco Face Lotion with Turtle Oil . . . it is most effective, not in just a few cases, but with 80% of women on whom age lines are already showing. Use it morning and night with **HERCO TURTLE OIL COMPLEXION SOAP** for just two weeks and you will be amazed at the difference in your complexion. This lotion is absolutely non-greasy . . . leaves your skin looking younger . . . fresher . . . smoother — and will be fully absorbed by the skin.

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NEW PACK!

is now available in this elegant, new plastic pack . . . it cannot break — it's slim and easily carried — it's luxurious yet it's only 15/6 for 4 ozs. 3 oz. Bottle - Only 11/9.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD STORES

HE49b

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

MEMBERS of the U-Ball Committee have planned a special "drawcard" for their next party on May 7 — they commissioned Melbourne composer Felix Werder to compose a new piece to have its premiere on that evening.

He will fly up from Victoria to hear his composition, "Music for Clarinet and Strings," played for the first time by the Austral String Quartet during the Evening of Chamber Music which the committee has arranged in the Science Hall at the University of New South Wales.

Well-known musicians Joyce Hutchinson, the pianist, and Donald Westlake, the clarinettist, will accompany the quartet in the program, which includes also pieces by Beethoven, Brahms, and Jean Francaix.

At the end of the concert, supper will be served in the foyer and in the courtyard of the hall. Proceeds will go toward the University House Appeal.

★ ★ ★

BUSY looking up old friends and catching up on news is Mrs. Katharine Foa, the former Katharine Osborne, who is on a two-month visit from her home in Chelsea, London, after 35 years. She has been staying with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Osborne, at "Winslow Park," Marulan, and is at present using Mrs. Henry Osborne's Macleay Street flat as headquarters for her stay in Sydney. She has set the middle of May as a tentative departure date.

★ ★ ★

NOVEL idea of Mrs. Katie Galbraith to plan a farewell for her daughter, Gayl, in Melbourne, the first port of call on her overseas trip. "As there will be so many people wishing her bon voyage in Sydney, I've decided to say my goodbyes when the Himalaya reaches Melbourne," she told me. In Melbourne, Mrs. Galbraith will stay with an old schoolfriend, Mrs. Geoffrey Whitehead, in Toorak.

★ ★ ★

SUDDEN change from the tropics to the snow for Mrs. Victor Dekyvere, who returned a few weeks ago from a Pacific cruise to Noumea aboard the Polynesie with her sister, Mrs. Lorna Shipway, and then left with her family for a weekend at their new lodge at Thredbo, Christiania, where they skied in the first falls of the year and did quite a bit of trout-fishing.

★ ★ ★

JOINING the large number of city people making for the country, now the Easter rush is over, is Mrs. Mervyn Finlay, who will stay with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Littlejohn, at "The Meadows," Harden, for a while. Although she's disappointed that her three grandchildren, Linda, Mary, and David, have all gone back to school, Mrs. Finlay is looking forward to seeing how much progress has been made with the new home the Littlejohns are building on their property.

OTHERS heading countrywards are Lady McCaughey, who leaves within the next week or two with Sir Roy to stay on their lovely property, "Coonong," Coonong; Mrs. Dick Harford and her young son, Geoffrey, who will spend the school holidays on "Strathallyn," the Tamworth property of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Tanner; and Pam Polkinghorne, who is planning a three-week holiday at Walgett with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moore at "Walma." Pam will arrive in time for the Walgett Picnic Races on May 6 and 7.

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . the Tartan Ball at the Roundhouse at the University of New South Wales which PLC ex-students have arranged for May 19. They are planning a Scottish look with shields, tartan rugs, and thistles.

★ ★ ★

THE best-dressed person I saw on two consecutive days of the racing carnival was—believe it or not—a man! On both days he was impeccably clad; the first in a beautifully tailored mid-green suit worn with a tartan tie in red, yellow, and the same green as his suit, and a green hat; on the second, in a wonderful suit of soot-grey (with the new slim trousers flaring slightly at the bottom), complemented by a cyclamen and black tie and a darker grey hat. His name? Colin Ross-Munro, from Moree.

★ ★ ★

BRIEF stay in Sydney for brother and sister Virginia and Ross Bramma, of "Talga," Moree, who spent the Easter break with their mother, Mrs. Alfred Bramma, at Bellevue Hill.

★ ★ ★

TWO interesting letters in the mail this week for Mrs. Roger Dunlop—one from her mother, Mrs. E. C. Anderson-Stuart, from Florence, where she is spending a month with the Count and Contessa Imperiali di Francavilla Piccone, and one from her mother-in-law, Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, from Rome, her latest stop in a three-and-a-half-month world tour. Mrs. Anderson-Stuart and Mrs. Dunlop hope to meet while they are both in Italy before Mrs. Anderson-Stuart continues on to London for six weeks and then on to the north of Scotland for salmon-fishing.

ABOVE: Miss Belinda Lander and Mr. Ian Mackinnon, who have announced their engagement. Miss Lander is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Lander, of Killara. Mr. Mackinnon is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mackinnon, of Turramurra. After their marriage in December they will live at Deniliquin.

AT LEFT: Miss Virginia Bell and Mr. Peter Barlow have announced their engagement and plan to marry next year. Miss Bell is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bell, of "Pier Pier," Coonamble, and Pymble. Her fiance is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Barlow, of Killara.

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AT RANDWICK

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ross-Munro, of "Trawalla," Moree, admire New Zealand stayer Elkayel before the running of the Sydney Cup during the Centenary of Champions Carnival at Randwick Racecourse. Mrs. Ross-Munro wore a suit of heavy wool tweed.

AT RIGHT: One of the most striking hats worn during the four-day carnival was Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan's outsize ostrich feather hat, which she teamed with a plain knitted wool suit.

GLAMOROUS pillbox hat worn by Mrs. Philip Hearn had an attached jersey scarf with an opening for her face. AT RIGHT: Smart twosome Mrs. Richard Utz (left) and Mrs. Peter McAuley, both wore beret-type hats with their tailored woollen suits.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Douglas Carruthers was watched by her husband, Dr. Carruthers, and their attendants (from left), Narelle Newland, Miss Robyn Pogmore, and Mrs. Peter Byrne, when she signed the register after their marriage at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield. The bride was Miss Judith Newland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Newland, of Strathfield. The groom is the son of Dr. H. L. Carruthers, of Concord, and the late Mrs. Carruthers.

AT RIGHT: Just-engaged Mr. Pat Smith and Miss Sue Jones. Mr. Smith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Smith, of "Tarnee," Curley. Miss Jones is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Len Jones, of "Milton Park," Moree.

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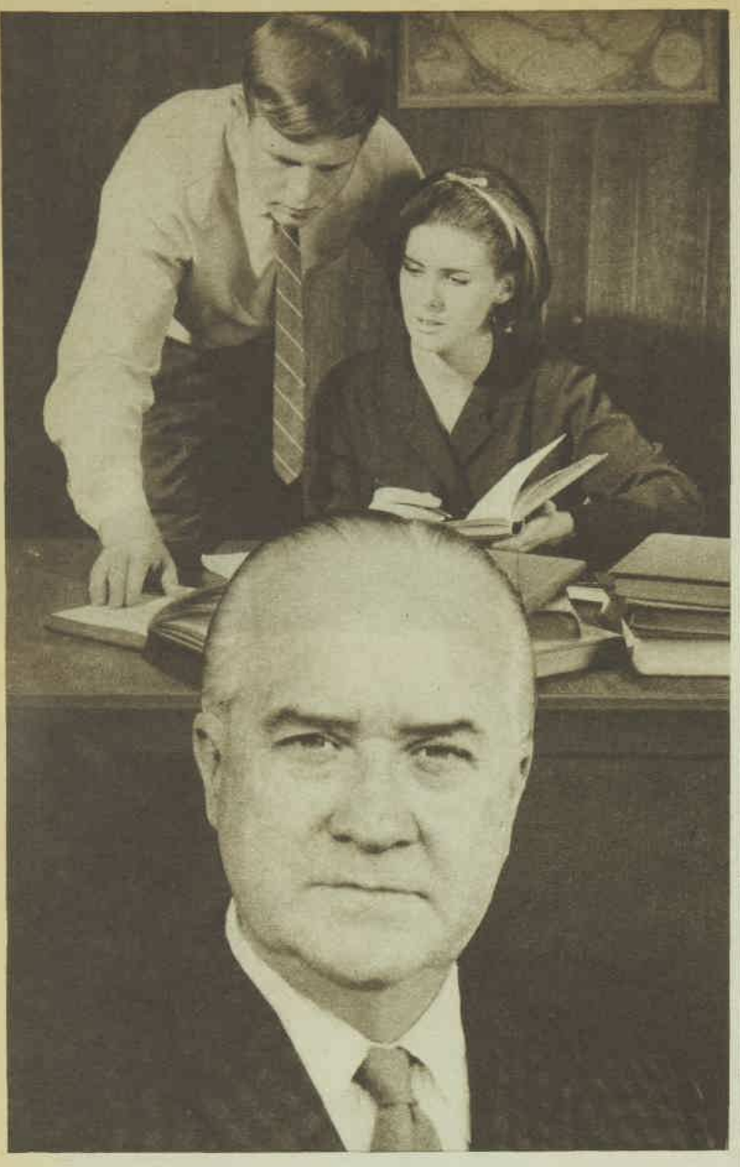

Education? Bob Askin is determined to make it better for you.

Education in this state is not in keeping with the times. You know yourself how many problems there are for your children in our ill-equipped schools.

Bob Askin, the N.S.W. Liberal leader, is determined to end this muddle. He has a comprehensive plan for making education in N.S.W. really up-to-date and for easing the financial burden on parents, too.

This is only one example of the go-ahead, contemporary policy of the N.S.W. Liberals. Bob Askin also has modern plans for shopping, housing, transport, health, the police force and all of the many other things that affect your life and your family's. That's why this time, in the city and in the country, the swing is to the Liberals.

Vote [1] Liberal for your future.

WITH ASKIN YOU'LL GET ACTION!

Authorised by J. L. Carrick, Liberal Party of Australia. JLC.WW6.HP

INFORMAL picture of Julie London shows her knitting in a studio dressing-room, to relax.

SINGER JULIE LONDON'S VISIT

Once she drove a lift

● ***Glamorous little Julie London, who is coming to Australia, is in the midst of a career which reads like a Hollywood film story that could be called* Lift Girl in the Clouds.**

ON May 3, Julie starts a two weeks' Melbourne engagement, singing at the Savoy Plaza and at Menzies.

She has a soft and husky voice that is best remembered for her *Cry Me A River*.

"It is only a thimbleful of voice," she said, "and I have to use it close to a microphone.

"But it's a kind of oversmoked voice and it automatically sounds intimate."

It's a voice that can sell 800,000 records — for the Liberty label — or fill a nightclub or stop a movie. It's no longer a voice that calls out the floors in a department-store lift.

That's what it was doing nearly 20 years ago when she was discovered — it really happened that way — by Mrs. Alan Ladd.

Julie had been jockeying the lift in a Los Angeles store for four years when Mrs. Ladd stepped in, was struck by her beauty, and stuck a card in her hand.

Mrs. Ladd's business card read, "Sue Carol, actors' agent."

Julie, who was then just 19, told a friend the amusing story about the woman who said she should be in the movies and had asked her to drop in at her office. She showed the friend the card.

"Sue Carol!" Julie's friend yelped. "She's the biggest agent in Hollywood!"

A successful screen test followed.

So did a screen career. But it was one of the most undistinguished careers in Hollywood, with a succession of small parts.

By BILL WILSON, in New York.

In 1947, Julie married Jack Webb, an even more undistinguished radio actor in those days. Then Jack Webb started the *Dragnet* series on television and became a millionaire.

Julie retired from show business to look after her daughters, Stacy and Lisa. (They are 15 and 12 now.)

The Webbs were divorced in November, 1953, and the settlement made headlines—half a million dollars for the children.

A slack time followed for Julie.

Then Bobby Troup, a musician and arranger for films, heard her sing.

He persuaded her to play a nightclub engagement — although he had great difficulty in overcoming Julie's innate diffidence — and a newly formed record company issued an LP under the title *Julie is Her Name*.

On the album was *Cry Me A River*, and when it was later released as a single it stayed on the best-seller lists for months. Then Perry Como asked her to be in his TV show, and Julie was on her way for a second time.

Jose Ferrer offered Julie a part in a film, and the performance has since become one of the classics of the screen. The film was *The Great Man*, and Julie played an alcoholic singer with a blurred vision of reality.

Acting offers poured in. Ever since, she has been one of the busiest actress-singers in the business.

A petite, blue-eyed blonde, she is still one of the loveliest.

Julie married Bobby Troup on December 31, 1959.

They have a three-year-old daughter, Kelly, who travels everywhere with Miss London — she will be on the Australian trip — and twin boys aged two.

Bobby Troup and Julie often perform together, with Julie singing before a quartet including Bobby.

He will sit the Australian trip out — "somebody has to stay with the twins," he said.

FORMER HUSBAND Jack Webb (left), the small-timer Julie married in 1947. He became a millionaire from a TV series and, after the divorce in 1953, settled half a million dollars on their children, Stacy and Lisa (at right with Julie), now aged 15 and 12.

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New hairdos are "small"

● Current hairstyles in Paris and Rome are varied in line and form, but all have one basic thing in common — they are "small."

THIS IS *OUT*

ELABORATE height like this has given way to the simpler, "smaller" head, which can be "dressed up" when required with hairpieces.

"THEY may still be elaborate, but not in the bouffant way of recent years," said Sydney hairdresser Alexander, whose 1965 winter "collection" is illustrated here.

His styles incorporate both French and Italian trends, in a look interpreted for Australian women.

"Australian women seem happiest in a cross between the short sleekness of Italy (still with Vidal Sassoon's long sides) and a more feminine, curving French shortness," he said.

Alexander said the success of the styles depends on the cut and personal care.

● After the initial shaping, hair should be trimmed approximately every four weeks (depending how quickly or slowly it grows).

● It should be brushed frequently, vigorously.

● Back-combing and hairspray should be avoided as much as possible. The new hairstyles rely more on the cut and the healthy look of the hair for effect.

But hairpieces are permissible and have been used for many of the styles on this page.

Hairpieces

"They are a useful asset in any woman's wardrobe," said Alexander, "particularly for 'dressing up' these shorter styles into elegant evening coiffures, or for covering lank hair for unexpected occasions when you haven't time to have it done."

The most versatile hairpieces are the long ones mounted on flat bases.

Made of real hair, they cost about twenty-six to thirty guineas and can be matched exactly to hair color.

THIS IS *IN*

SLEEK "swing" hairdo is well cut, well brushed, glossy. It can be dressed up with hairpieces for gala evenings.

STRICTLY FOR THE YOUNG

SHORT hair goes adventurous — Italian style. At left is the basic cut, short, softly fringed, featuring Sassoon's duck-tail's point at nape . . . .

. . . . For evening elegance, the same style is dramatised (left) with side-bangs curving severely over cheekbones and a hairpiece moulded in two loops over the back of the head . . .

"BUTTERFLY CUT" is Alexander's title for this softly rounded face-framing coiffure. It is a flattering dress-up style for the adult woman. "Her hairstyling needs far more thought than that of a young girl, who can usually wear anything successfully," said Alexander. "This design gives balance and chic to a not-so-young face."

. . . Another variation, shown at left, has side-bangs drawn high to crown of the head to meet the looped hairpiece again. To repeat the warning — a difficult style except for the young face.

TWO USES of the hairpiece. Model Rosalie Wattel's own hair (left) is moulded to give body under a long hairpiece sweeping gently from crown to cheekbone. AT RIGHT, Norma McIntosh's own hair is drawn back to meet a hairpiece which then loops over each side of the head and curves back under her own hair at ear level.

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Cooking, carrying, serving, washing–up .... it's easier with the **Hotpoint** Frypan

Delicious meals are easier to cook once you have a king-size Hotpoint Electric Frypan. Just dial the heat you want on Hotpoint's accurate Cookastat heat control and the big double-loop element heats evenly and quickly over the whole pan. The Hotpoint Frypan not only bakes, fries, casseroles or dry grills your family's favourites to perfection, but its easy-to-grip twin handles make it easy to serve meals piping hot right at the table. (So easy to store, too.) As for washing-up, it couldn't be easier. Just detach the Cookastat and you can immerse the whole Frypan, safely. It's worth a whisper in the bread-winner's ear before the big day for the gift you and your family can enjoy all year round. Hotpoint Frypan complete with Cookastat see-as-you-cook pyrex lid—14 gns. With aluminium heat-reflector lid—15 gns. With both lids-16 gns **Hotpoint**

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

Hotpoint Automatic Toaster. Pops up perfect toast — control for light to dark— pull out crumb tray and chromed finish, £13/12/6.

Hotpoint Steam & Dry Iron. No more damping down. Top cord for free movement. Heat control for all fabrics. Complete, £11/9/6.

Hotpoint Deluxe Toaster. Good looking — heat-proof feet and handles. Toast rack keeps six slices warm, it's so convenient, £5/5/-.

Hotpoint Automatic Jug. Never boils over. Speed ring element, drip-proof pouring, safety lid protects hands from steam, £3/19/6.

Hotpoint Featherweight Iron. Perfectly balanced, mirror polished soleplate cuts ironing time. Heat control for all fabrics, £6/15/-.

AKAS 55

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HAIRCUT for Mr. Claude Melmouth, Surry Hills, from former hairdresser Mrs. N. S. W. Burcham, of Neutral Bay, one of several volunteer hairdressers who call on Meals on Wheels patients.

MR. FRED WEBB, 84, Cathedral St., Sydney, lost his sight 15 years ago, so Meals on Wheels volunteer Mrs. Ron Roberts, Roseville, cuts up his dinner. He likes to save the soup and sweets for tea.

"I LOVE the soup most of all," said Mrs. Cyril O'Brien, Miller's Point. She and her husband, who is recovering from a broken hip, and has injuries from World War I, are Meals on Wheels customers.

"I WOULDN'T be here today but for Meals on Wheels," said Mr. Walter Delaney, 86, Woolloomooloo, who likes soup in a pie dish. He has gained a stone and a half in 18 months of Meals on Wheels.

MEALS ON WHEELS

By MARY COLES

● There's a simple prescription more effective than a wonder drug for restoring roses to the cheeks of elderly people who have no one to care for them when they are sick or housebound.

IT's the few words scribbled by their doctors, recommending them as eligible for Meals on Wheels.

Some patients at first purse their lips and resist the thought of such treatment.

But it's rarely long before even the most aloof welcome Meals on Wheels as helping to retain their independence instead of losing it.

In shabby, barely furnished rooms in crowded residentials, neat little homes, and even from people living isolated from society in blocks of luxury flats, you hear the same comment, "I don't know how I'd manage without Meals on Wheels."

Operating under various auspices, there are now 35 Meals on Wheels services in the metropolitan area and country districts of New South Wales.

Some of them function on comprehensive lines with their own kitchens to handle the service.

With the approval of the State Government, several others are based at city and country hospitals, where meals are cooked by the staff and distributed by a roster of volunteers.

And there are others hardly anyone knows about —sponsored by small groups of businessmen who make private arrangements for a daily meal to be taken to individual cases they are interested in helping in areas not patrolled by regular Meals on Wheels services.

First in the State, and still setting the pace with its program of services for elderly people, is the Sydney City Council's Meals on Wheels scheme, which was founded in a small way in 1956.

Since then, as well as delivering hot three-course meals five days a week (excluding public holidays) to sick and immobilised residents, at 2/- a meal, the Council has opened 11 Welfare Centre clubs.

Menus are based on scientifically balanced meals, and there are also special menus for patients requiring low salt, low residue, diabetic, and low fat diets.

The council's service is available for all elderly and handicapped people in the City of Sydney area when they're sick or "confined to barracks," irrespective of their financial standing.

MEALS ON WHEELS volunteers Mrs. Bruce Knox, Pymble (left), and Mrs. Ray Caine, Cremorne, deliver meals in heat-retaining canisters and vacuum flasks. Volunteers provide cars, petrol.

"Marooned"

This means that in certain cases where hospitalisation is not practicable, doctors can ask Meals on Wheels to help tide over even well-to-do patients in times of need — people like the irascible old gentleman who banished his relatives, fired the last of a series of housekeepers, and then found himself marooned in his palatial flat with gout.

When his doctor arranged for Meals on Wheels to come to his rescue he continued to vent his temper, and more than one volunteer was reduced to tears by his bullying manner.

But they persevered.

Eventually he softened and greeted them as his only friends, insisting on paying as much for his meals as they would have cost in a restaurant, and donated a stack of his suits to club bargain sales stocks.

The Council's Welfare Centre clubs, however, are limited to elderly people and invalids budgeting on low incomes.

Amenities at these clubs range from attractively served hot meals at 2/- each to haircutting, chiropody, up-to-date laundry facilities, and a wide variety of social and recreational activities, including low-cost seaside holiday schemes.

The clubs are a special godsend to countless lone-handers renting rooms in city residentials without cooking facilities even for making a cup of tea.

Both Meals on Wheels and the clubs are organised by a special council staff, assisted by a daily roster of 120 voluntary workers culled from about 30 community-minded organisations and individual teams of helpers.

Between them they provide, serve, and deliver a daily total of nearly 1200 meals in the council area.

Besides combating malnutrition — regarded as the basic cause of the ill-health suffered by the majority of elderly people — Meals on Wheels and the clubs provide emotional security and peace of mind that money alone won't buy.

If a regular patron is missing from a club for even a day, other members become concerned and mention it to their social welfare officer so that a check can be made to see if "anything is wrong."

As well as delivering Meals on Wheels, volunteers provide a daily link between club social welfare officers and patients, reporting their particular needs.

Magazines

For instance, they may advise that Mrs. A. could do with an extra blanket;

That Miss B. is lonely for companionship and would like a fortnightly call from the friendly visitors' group;

That Mr. D. can't cope with his laundry or mending. Could someone at the club manage it for him while he's sick?

And there are countless personal acts of thoughtfulness performed by volunteers on their rounds.

Few volunteers set out without a pile of magazines for distribution along the route. They also take along other little items which will bring a thankful smile — from warm cardigans and bedjackets that can be spared, or pyjamas a strapping son has just outgrown, a palm-leaf fan, the replacement of a broken teapot. Even a packet of birdseed, where it could be needed.

In recruiting and training new volunteers, group leaders and the council's social welfare workers emphasise that the work has to be carried out without any suggestion of "dispensing charity," and with the utmost tact and respect for the patient's way of life.

"If a Meals on Wheels customer wants to share a tiny attic-room with several cages of birds and a half a dozen cats, it's her own affair," a social welfare officer explained.

"The majority of old people are very set in their ways and become distressed by any radical changes — even when it seems to be for their good."

She stressed that the best "cure-all" in old age was a blend of nourishing food and the feeling that "somebody cares."

As 86-year-old Mr. Walter Delaney, of Woolloomooloo, said, echoing the appreciation felt by Meals on Wheels customers, "I can tell you this much, I wouldn't be here today without them."

LUNCHING at the Mary McDonald Welfare Centre Club are Mr. William Jones and Mrs. Mary Kair. English-born, former dancing teacher, Mrs. Kair said she loves the friendship and good meals in the Club.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: North American securities

By MARY BROKER

● I had intended last week to run over some of the terms which are basic to any knowledge of investment, and which you'll often have come across in literature sent by your broker.

UNFORTUNATELY, the discussion of investment aims required rather more space than I had thought necessary, so before going on to a description of particular stocks I shall enlarge on several items.

Many of them have naturally been used and explained before in my column, but I do want to clarify any doubts.

You all know, of course, that net profit is what remains of gross profit after subtracting all expenses, such as depreciation (decline in value of assets, e.g., machinery) and taxation.

A quick way of checking whether a company is giving you the correct picture throughout its balance sheet and profit and loss account is to calculate whether or not tax provision is roughly two-thirds of net profit. In some companies, for example breweries, tax is in general said to be much higher than normal, indicating hidden assets elsewhere.

You must always check, in the case of an erratic tax figure, whether any explanation is given in the notes to the accounts or elsewhere in directors' statements.

From net profit the company pays its dividend to holders of both ordinary and preference shares, but before the former is paid the earning rate on ordinary capital should be calculated.

In any real growth company this rate should show a steady upward trend, making allowance for times of economic recession.

It is also most important that the earning rate gives a sufficient cover to dividend, with the exception of apparently conservative companies, such as breweries. For example, if the dividend paid is ten percent, a good, healthy cover would be given by an earning rate of 20 percent or more.

What is left of net profit, after dividends and all other charges have been paid, will be taken into reserves.

It is important that you should check reserves against capital (except in certain of the newer companies with exceptional growth prospects which have not yet had time to save any money) as an easy guide both to whether the company is basically sound and to the likelihood of any bonus issues to shareholders.

The above is only a brief explanation of a few basic points in security analysis. Your broker, of course, will be only too willing to answer any questions you may have, and I suggest your investments will prove of much more interest to you now you know a few of the things to look for. For those of you who would like to pursue the matter further, the Sydney Stock Exchange runs excellent evening classes.

But on to the subject of the day, which embraces two well-known companies domiciled overseas.

One of them is a mining stock I have spoken of before, but its prospects are so good that a brief reminder of it will not go astray.

This is **Placer Development Limited**, a Canadian-based company under really outstanding management.

You will remember that last time I wrote of this company I pointed out that it is slightly different from most other mining companies in that it has not stayed tied to the production of one basic mineral group.

It has, in fact, traded in different types of mines, constantly moving on to new and even more profitable projects, and earning good profits in buying and selling.

Interests sold

This has again been illustrated just last month by the announcement that the company is in the process of selling its coal and transport interests in Australia for approximately 13.2 million dollars, adding about six million dollars to company earnings.

Earnings are up again in the current year, and under shrewd management, such as the above sale proves, should continue to do better.

Like most Canadian and American shares, these have no par value, and following the 1-1 bonus in December last year are selling at around £11/10/-. At this price you can buy one at a time.

The second company, **National Dairy Products Corporation**, is the American-based manufacturer of Kraft Foods, well known in Australia through the production of its local subsidiary. This is the only U.S. stock on Australian exchanges and is one of the strongest known here.

Capital of 72.5 million dollars is backed by reserves of 466.2 million, a good example of the checking of reserves against capital which I mentioned above.

Sales have risen over the past five years by over 250 million dollars to 1920 million dollars. Net profit over the same period has risen from 50.7 million to 63.8 million, while earning rate is up from 71.8 to 88.0 percent. This high earning rate alone is extraordinary.

These shares do have a par value of five dollars, on which the dividend of 2.4 dollars is 48 percent. You need only buy one at around £40 to have a really worthwhile investment.

MR. NOVAK *gets a new star. Burgess Meredith (left) as Martin Woodridge, destined to replace Dean Jagger as principal of Jefferson High, and James Franciscus as Mr. Novak. In the series the present principal is written out of the plot with a promotion to a senior post with the Education Department.*

The new principal of Jefferson High

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● It is interesting to see how the writers of *Mr. Novak* (TCN9, 7.30 p.m., Thursdays) are coping with the classic problem: What happens to a show when one of the stars falls ill and has to drop out?

STARS, of course, have no right to fall ill — too many people's livelihood depends on their continuing well-being.

(Sir Laurence Olivier, asked what was an actor's greatest asset, once said, "Good health. You need to be as strong as an ox.")

James Franciscus is all right, his fans will be relieved to note, but his co-star, Dean Jagger, is an ailing man. He will appear in only four or five more shows.

This week's episode introduces the actor who will eventually take over his role as principal of the high school where Mr. Novak glows with such a steady shining light.

New principal-to-be: Burgess Meredith, currently a humble English teacher but due for some rapid promotion.

It's odd to see Meredith, whom I remember across the years as the stalwart of many a left-wing film and play, in such a "solid" TV role.

I'm afraid Dean Jagger will always be, to me, the true principal of Jefferson High.

James Franciscus will always look like an actor, but Jagger was a fairly reasonable facsimile of a real headmaster — probably because he was a former country schoolteacher. His special pride was a plaque from the National Association of Secondary School Principals, plus a lifetime membership card.

I understand *Mr. Novak* is filmed at an actual American high school, where the pupils take part in crowd scenes. How they ever get their lessons done beats me.

Gruesome fascination

LAST week's *Impact* (ABC-TV, 9 p.m., Tuesdays) was called *The Great American Funeral* and was 50 minutes of gruesome fascination.

Viewers were plummeted into a world where hard-sell salesmen plugged funeral plots "for your dear ones," where undertakers became "grief therapists," and corpses were made up, dressed in negligees, and propped up in bed to receive their grieving mourners — all at tremendous cost to the surviving relatives.

Cemeteries in America are **out**, memorial parks are **in**. Forest Lawn, the biggest in California, was the State's major tourist attraction until Disneyland was created. They gave away free coloring books to the little ones.

Of all the new words and phrases this weird new industry has created, though, I think the prize must go to "cremains" — a popular way of describing cremation ashes.

Impact's aim is to show the pick of world documentaries. This week's was Canadian — *The Three Men* — a report prepared for Intertel on United Nations' secretaries-general. Next week, on May 4, Rediffusion will present an English view of *America on the Edge of Abundance*.

The Great American Funeral was a repeat, but one of the justified repeats, I think. There are plenty of **unjustified** repeats flooding all channels, though, which is a naughty thing to do to anyone who has paid for his television licence.

The children's programs are the most prone — I know nine- and ten-year-olds who know every word that Superman, Jet Jackson, Bomba the Jungle Boy, Roy Rogers, Jungle Jim, and Casey Jones will ever utter. Don't tell me all these aren't on now. They will be.

Two new shows

NOW, something new: two national shows to be seen on Saturday night, May 1, at 7.30 and 8 respectively, from TCN9.

Double Your Dollars (7.30 p.m.) — a cash quiz using decimal currency — is compered from Melbourne by ex-hypnotist Franquin. The top prize will be 1000 dollars, which has a nice, well-rounded sound.

The *Di Trask Show* at 8 p.m. features the bubbling Diana Trask as hostess.

Television

DIANA TRASK

The voice of Mr. Ed

WEDNESDAY, April 28, brings back that marvellously hoarse horse Ed (*Mr. Ed*, ABC-TV, Wednesdays, 6.25 p.m.). It has been a long time — nearly seven months — and I've missed him every minute.

Ed has me so indoctrinated that I keep forgetting a horse can't talk. There's got to be an actor behind that voice—but no one ever breathes a word about him. He isn't mentioned on the credits. The poor man gets no publicity, and he seems to be content to leave it that way.

There's only one solution, of course — somewhere there's an actor who thinks he's a talking horse called Mr. Ed.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "It's funny how little things seem to cause the biggest arguments between husband and wife. For instance, does your husband squeeze the toothpaste from the top of the tube? Leave the top off the tomato sauce bottle when he makes a sandwich? Or take the last piece of cheese and leave the empty plate in the refrigerator?"

Momma's moral: Scientists who claim that nothing causes more devastation than an H-bomb have never come home with lipstick on their collars.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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The Blue Look IN FASHION

THE BLUES of winter become (at left) the blues of spring. Ferreras designed the softly tailored wool suit worn with a blouse and hat in coin-spotted silk. Far left: Nina Ricci's spring suit in boucle wool has a double-breasted jacket and all-around pleated skirt.

SLIM but easy fitted coat (above) has the new raglan cut. Beneath the front-buttoned fastening the coat has an inner zip closing for extra warmth. The four pockets, with buttoned flaps, are placed high and low.

MAN-TAILORED sports jacket (below) worn with a slim skirt made in one of the new murky browns of the winter season. The jacket has a single-breasted fastening and a four-pocket trim. Silk cravat in a deeper shade of blue completes outfit.

CLASSIC trench coat with arrow-narrow lines (above) is made in smooth herringbone tweed. The coat has a double-breasted fastening and slanting side pockets. The coat is buttoned and buckled in bone.

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● Here, culled from Paris fashion houses, is a series of fresh winter looks in varying shades of blue. Blue is in a color boom. Around and abounding for winter, it will be a repeat color in spring fashions.

Current shades include indigo, royal, sapphire, and lilac blue. When the blues of winter become the blues of spring, navy will be No. 1 color choice.

Current blues are given an extra de luxe look via superb wool. Smooth and rough surface textures are both in fashion. A lift for any winter wardrobe is one smashing blue outfit — remember blue is the color all men love.

— Betty Keep

SMOOTH - SURFACE wool is the material choice for the tailored suit (at right). The double-breasted jacket has long shapely lines, the skirt is slim. Hat and collar in matching fur.

SPECKLED TWEED is the material choice for the coat (below) worn with a jaunty young hat in matching tweed. The coat has a rounded collar, half belt. The side-buttoned shaped front is new for winter.

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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Jobs for the littlies

IN answer to "Chores" (Vic.): Jobs which can be done by six- and seven-year-olds before and after school include emptying wastepaper baskets and the kitchen tidy, cleaning shoes, running errands. These regular jobs should never be paid for. Pocket-money should be regarded as the child's share of family bounty, just as his jobs are regarded as his share of the family burdens. Extra jobs may be used as a source of income. Extra jobs done by my daughter at seven included sewing on buttons, polishing silver, and extra shoe-cleaning.

£1/1/- to "Britomart" (name supplied), Southport, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I THINK it wrong to impose any set of cut-and-dried jobs. I reared a family of seven and never expected tinies to work. I trained them to help get themselves ready for school, and, after changing clothes after school, to do their homework. They developed into thoughtful, capable, dependable adults, without special chores at the tender ages of six and seven.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Paterson, Padstow, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

CHILDREN of such ages are not ready for heavy jobs and responsibility. Long treks on "messages" (that time-honored kids' task) are out of the question. I suggest light jobs, with a certain amount of interest to them. Most children like to put away their own clothes after laundering, strip beds ready for making, and put away shopping. Make sure they do any jobs properly, and are paid a small, fixed sum for their "work." Let them swop jobs sometimes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lois Gribble, Powelltown, Vic.

★ ★ ★

AT that age my three children brought in the milk bottles and newspapers, fed the family pets, and sometimes picked flowers and greenery before leaving for school. After school they occasionally ran messages to the corner shop, but had no set tasks beyond changing and hanging up school clothes. I do not believe in washing or drying up at that age.

£1/1/- to "Little Things" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IN my opinion children of that age should not be expected to do any jobs before going to school. They have a long and full day ahead of them. In the evening, however, the jobs of setting and clearing the table and drying the dishes are quite suitable. These tasks should be done by each child on alternate weeks.

£1/1/- to Carol L. Hunt, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Thinking cents

AS we are to have decimal currency early next year, we should start now to learn about dollars and cents before we actually have to use them. Any bank will supply you with conversion tables. When I am shopping, I bring all my dockets home and convert them to decimal currency. Start *thinking* of pounds, shillings, and pence as dollars and cents.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Elsa Maher, Kingsford, N.S.W.

Holiday home for pot plants

A FRIEND of mine has begun an unusual way of earning some pin-money. A great lover of pot plants, she was most upset on returning from a holiday to find one of her cherished plants dead through lack of water. She has now started a holiday home for potted plants, and "boards" the plants as others board dogs and cats. Have any other readers unusual and lucrative hobbies?

£1/1/- to "Green Fingers" (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Why not a birthday tree?

I BELIEVE I have a novel decoration for a birthday party. It is a birthday tree. At the top I place the figure of the child's age, covered in glitter. Party hats are hung on the branches, and each child takes one before sitting down at the table. When the children are going home the tree is stripped, each child in turn helping himself to a balloon, ice biscuits made in the shape of birds or animals, and a basket or colored container of sweets.

£1/1/- to "Happy Birthday" (name supplied), Stafford, Qld.

Methuselah among the eats

I DON'T know if this is a record, but I have a cat, given me on my third birthday, who is still living. As I am now 23, this makes him (Mickey) 20 years old, and he's still very active, has sight, hearing, and his own teeth. The only thing denoting his age is that his white fur has now turned brown. He has never been attended by a vet, and I have been told that the normal life of a dog or cat is usually ten years.

£1/1/- to Miss Gwen Davenport, Faulconbridge, N.S.W.

"Chauffeur's" second thoughts

MOTHERS who dutifully drive their children to school may be doing them out of something very worth while, instead of helping them. Thinking back on my own schooldays, my bus rides stand out quite clearly and dearly. The giggling, the last-minute swotting, the detailed discussions on Mondays of the past weekend, and, of course, later, the boys on the bus. Mothers should rid themselves of their chauffeur complex. Going to school by bus also makes children more independent.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Juliana Csutoros, Templestowe, Vic.

WHEN A HOUSE BECOMES A BOMB

• Forecasting a revolution in housing, the Royal Institute of British Architects states that within 35 years people will trade-in houses as they do cars. Factories will deliver houses complete to the site.

Some will cling to vintage houses,
Search for quaintness, second-hand,
Sniffing at the latest models,
Saying progress should be banned.
"Look," they'll trumpet, "Such a bargain,
Someone dumped it. Aren't they queer?
Found it on the tip this morning,
Nineteen-sixty brick veneer!"

Others, like myself, will welcome
Trading-in — the thought appeals.
"Stove needs cleaning and no wonder,
Must have done a thousand meals.
Windows, likewise curtains, grimy,
Yesterday I saw a mouse.
Ring the man and price the latest
Fully automatic house."

— Dorothy Drain

Homework and house chores

WHILE our children were studying for public examinations, my wife refused to allow them help with any household chores. She was criticised for spoiling them, but was adamant, her argument being that their studies were a full-time job without anything else. Now they have successfully passed, they fully appreciate the sacrifices their mother made for them and are only too eager to help her as often as they can.

£1/1/- to "Proud Father" (name supplied), Scarborough, W.A.

Good oil on massage

THE reader who is hoping to cure her husband's baldness by massaging his head with coconut oil said, "One rarely sees a bald monkey." May I add, "or one with beautiful hair." Surely success would be due not to the kind of oil, but to the massage, which stimulates the glands controlling growth and color of the hair, and the scalp generally. Even peanut oil, which monkeys also love, would serve the same purpose. Baldness can be caused by overeating, alcoholic excess, poor diet, bad teeth, illness, or nervous disorders.

£1/1/- to "Hair's Health" (name supplied), St. Ives, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"I'VE got time for a fried egg. It's only ten to eight."

"I think the clock's stopped."

"Wha-a-at!"

These panics have been frequent since our timepieces went out of order. The clocks and watches in a house, like the people, all tend to get sick about the same time. Ours have been stricken one after another, as if by some disease.

Baby Pip's plastic clock is still O.K., certainly. But it is of limited use, as it has no works inside. It is designed only to help you learn to tell the time.

Pip is doing well with it. If you set the hands at 7.30, say, she will tell you the time correctly to within an hour or so.

But this device was no help when the kitchen clock kept stopping.

You feel you have lost your bearings when you can't trust the kitchen clock.

CLOCK-WATCHERS

My wife's watch packed up, too. She deserves a new one, really. The one she was given for passing the Leaving Certificate is not as good as it used to be.

She asked if I would lend her mine. "I've got to have the time for—oh, turning the oven off and things," she said.

I agreed to let her have my watch, but I couldn't find it. It did not turn up till next day, after it had passed through the washing-machine.

I had put it in a shirt pocket. That is a risky place to put things. I had two pound notes shredded in the washing-machine in 1954 through leaving them in a shirt pocket.

The watch, I will say, came through better than the pound notes. The machine's tumbling action seems more suited for watches. It was still going when it came out, though its face was badly scratched.

After that I let my wife have my watch. I didn't need it at the office, because I could see the Railway clock though the window. It was visible through the framework of the new building they are putting up next door.

Today, believe it or not, two men came and built a brick wall that has cut off my view of the clock.

I have gone on about this because I feel time is important. At school I got a certificate for copying out in Old English letters: "Lost—one golden hour, set with 60 diamond minutes. There is no reward. Lost time is gone for ever."

We shall have to get a new kitchen clock, or perhaps a war-disposals sundial. In the meantime, I have dialled B074. A voice said: "On the third stroke it will be 4.59 precisely." That is good to know, anyway.

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The new life of PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, the Ogilvys' home in Richmond Park, has lovely white sash windows. Above, the old thatched summerhouse where George II once entertained friends.

By HELEN CATHCART

• Just two years after stepping slightly out of royal line and marrying her ruggedly handsome Scotsman, Angus Ogilvy, Princess Alexandra can now take stock. Assets include a baby son. On the shakier side there have been car crashes and a burglary.

ONE of Alex's worst shocks was when her husband was sternly warned by his doctors to take a long rest or face the risk of a major breakdown in health.

The medical evidence is proof that even a husky ex-rugger player hasn't the stamina to share a princess's working life as well as do his own office job in the city.

Royal officials assert that Princess Alex doesn't work hard — and, of course, she doesn't compared with a housewife managing a home, husband, and perhaps three children singlehanded.

The fact remains that every public appearance can be a public ordeal, depleting nervous energy to exhaustion.

Instead of her borrowing an equerry through Kensington Palace, her husband has frequently stepped in as escort. This has proved tougher than he thought, for Alex's engagement book often fills up.

It wouldn't be fair to call her the odd-job girl of royalty.

Yet you find her representing the Queen at a Commonwealth celebration at Westminster Abbey, deputising for the Queen Mother, and even undertaking tasks—such as a boat-show opening — originally suggested for Prince Philip.

Nearly every royal name was mooted for the charity premiere of *My Fair Lady* in London, but it was Alex who ultimately obliged — wearing a gold gown that made the glamor of the film stars look shoddy — and so raised a charity fund of £24,000.

Yet she and Angus turned up at a local theatre one Sunday night — defying Sabbath conventions — to lend distinction to a vaudeville show aiding a cancer good cause.

Hostess

Angus often brings business friends home at night and Alex plays hostess.

But he also brings home his social work — bookkeeping for a charity called Friends of the Poor, financial reports for the trades union cultural organisation, Centre 42—and then Alex becomes her husband's part-time secretary.

For both find that you can't put royal duties into non-spill compartments.

Meanwhile, one-year-old James Robert Bruce crawls vigorously over a nursery rug made for him piece by piece by members of the WVS (Women's Voluntary Service). The various sections show farming scenes and the little boy has learned to recognise the animals.

If she hadn't been a princess, trying to live with less than royal security, probably she wouldn't have had the unpleasant fright that awaited her when she disturbed a man rifling her bedroom.

He escaped into the darkness of Richmond Park — and for a time she couldn't bear to stay alone in the house.

Some of her stolen royal wedding gifts have not been recovered. But even more treasured were the sentimental trinkets exchanged between husband and wife with the special inscription "A to A."

Casual guests for supper are sometimes regaled with the AA Special, a term for almost anything that the young couple may have quickly concocted together in the kitchen.

Early on, as in nearly every marriage, there were one or two catastrophically burned dishes when Alex attempted to cope single-handed on the cook's night off.

Today she often goes shopping herself for provisions. At a stylish reception, she once hurried up to the buffet chef with the appreciative query "Where *do* you get your sausages?"

Although she took domestic science at school at Heathfield, she realised she had become rusty and soon bought herself a 5/- cookbook, "Learning to Cook."

Then there was the snag when Angus was flying off on a quick business trip to Paris and Barcelona and Alex decided to join him.

They booked economy class to save money. This flustered London Airport officials, who seated them in the first-class section of the plane — but declared the whole plane "tourist" and refunded fares to other first-class passengers.

On the return journey this worked in reverse. The Ogilvys travelled tourist economy class as "Mr. and Mrs. Hall"—an incognito is one of the recognised "perks" of royalty—but the Princess was charged £13 for her excess luggage.

Princess Alex, Mrs. Angus Ogilvy, hasn't **retired** into **marriage** as some folk expected.

When she pushes a pram in Richmond Park local people politely pretend she is wearing a cloak of invisibility.

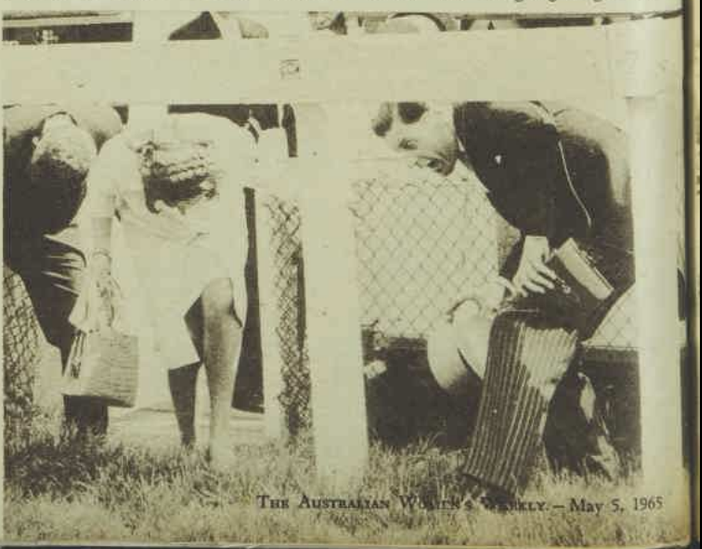
When she pops into local shops, assistants strive very hard to treat her as an ordinary customer. She is apt to be elbowed aside in a counter queue.

Yet she still royally ranks among the first ten ladies of England — the only princess who has successfully adapted herself as a suburban housewife.

The contrast is all the more striking against the piquant fact that if Alex hadn't married her Angus and had married his chief rival instead she might today be Queen of Greece instead of King Constantine's charming 18-year-old consort, the former Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark.

Since courtiers are the soul of discretion, no one gets around even to mentioning this intriguing might-have-

PRINCESS MARINA here holds a soft toy for Alex's baby son. Skis are in the background—all her family are mad on snow sports. Her sons are both expert at them.



DUCKING under a rail to return to the royal enclosure on Derby Day after seeing the big race from a vantage point are Alex and Angus. (Australian jockey Scobie Breasley won, riding Santa Claus.)

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● When a princess marries a commoner she acquires a cookbook, a burglar alarm, and a cloak of invisibility, in that order. Thus with Alex, who burnt her early dinners, was robbed, and needs her "invisible" cloak to go shopping unnoticed in suburbia.

KING CONSTANTINE of the Hellenes (once a suitor of Alex's) and his bride, Anne-Marie of Denmark, after their wedding last September.

been—but no one cares less about it than Alex herself.

The prospect went back to when Prince Philip of Greece was courting the present Queen and a flurry of aunts and cousins boosted the idea that Alex might create an even closer dynastic link between Greece and England.

Such marriage plans were well within the scope of Alex's experienced mama, Princess Marina, granddaughter of a king and grandniece of a tsar.

Since love cannot grow in a vacuum, Princess Marina was tireless in creating the climate of social acquaintance and Alex swam in a tidal ebb-and-flow of royal cousins.

Private holiday journeys were focused repeatedly on Athens and the isle of Corfu.

Handsome, schooled in the Navy, a keen amateur yachtsman, a winter sports enthusiast, Constantine of Greece could offer a great deal—and love-wise gossips noted a period when Alex's engagements seemed neatly to match Constantine's visits to Britain for sailing regattas.

Alex felt a warm affection for her young cousin. But she had no real wish to marry a man more than three years her junior, or to change her religion, or live in the exile that a foreign marriage entailed.

There came a time when the King and Queen visited London . . . and the Princess was somewhat pointedly absent in Northern Ireland.

Constantine checked into Claridges, that hotel HQ of royalty, but Princess Alexandra was occupied with official duties in Portsmouth.

And so, instead of queening it over Greece, Alex has found happiness in a more homely, democratic, yet equally dutiful life.

No one is surprised at the success of Princess Alexandra's marriage. Its inside secret goes back a long way.

When she lived as an unmarried girl in her mother's suite in Kensington Palace, she used to say that it was like life in a bedsitter.

She knew, of course, from friends who lived in bedsitters, girls who worked in bookshops and hospitals, friends whom she sometimes met at parties in a flat in Chelsea owned by a reliable young bachelor named Angus Ogilvy, son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie.

Sometimes, with another girl, Alex got there early to help him prepare snacks for the party. Already, more than 11 years ago, they shared a secret—the implicit secret that they had met in the sheltered world of royalty and both belonged there.

That so important first meeting was at Luton Hoo, the lovely and romantic house where the Queen and Prince Philip often spend their wedding anniversaries and Lady Zia Wernher, a close relative of Earl Mountbatten, often stages gay house-parties of young people.

Angus partnered Alex on the tennis court and danced with her after dinner. "She's a charming child," he summed up for his family.

They continued to meet, and she went on to his gift list of girls to whom he gave chocolates at Christmas. When friends joked about the Princess's puppy fat, she blamed it on Angus.

She met Angus's older brother, David, and his pretty American wife, Virginia. Hearing that Alex and her mother were undertaking a duty visit to Canada, Virginia suggested it would be a wonderful opportunity to see New York.

Close friends found that Alex's letters home at this time gave the first hints that she missed Angus Ogilvy's companionship.

They laughed at the same things. Angus had travelled around by working his passage in the merchant navy. He had qualified as a skiing instructor in Austria before he began in business at the bottom—licking stamps as a clerk at £3 a week.

But no one thought it significant that Princess Marina topped off the Canadian tour by taking her daughter on a "private and unofficial" visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan, New York, parents of Angus's sister-in-law, Virginia.

In their lush Manhattan apartment pictures of Angus and David—and his younger brother Jamie, too—beamed out of family groups.

Urged to recall the real beginning of their romance, both Alex and Angus say lamely, "But we've always known one another!"

Tennis

Yet it was to keep level with Angus that the Princess took tennis lessons from Dan Maskell, the all-England coach at Wimbledon. All the Ogilvy brothers joined in tennis at Coppins, the Kent country home.

Again, when the Queen Mother held a house party at Birkhall, the Ogilvy boys were there and Princess Alexandra and her brothers walked over from their own lodge on the Balmoral estate.

Then it seemed they were always meeting . . . in the motor-racing pits at Goodwood or at dinner with mutual friends.

Perhaps her mother was the only one who really understood what was happening. Refraining from maternal persuasiveness, Princess Marina shows up well.

ALEX, ANGUS, and their young son, MASTER JAMES OGILVY, on an outing.

Thoroughly cosmopolitan in her own outlook, it puzzled her that all her children should have put down roots so characteristically British.

But she approved the tell-tale symptoms in the deepening friendship with Angus.

After office hours he squired Alex to concerts, and the Princess often smuggled beside him at rugger matches, unrecognised and half-frozen.

They snatched brief weekends at Lord Ogilvy's home, Cortachy Castle.

It was sheer chance that Angus's name did not get into the rumor lists when Alexandra's hand-luggage was stolen from a friend's car. For Angus taught her to drive and had often driven her home from parties.

In his early thirties, Angus Ogilvy regarded himself as an intrepid bachelor.

Boldly he boasted one day, "I'm too old for marriage. No girl can get me." These now rank as famous last words.

The Duke of Kent's marriage to blonde Katharine Worsley led Angus to deeper self-questioning. Returning to his secluded bachelor home, he realised for the first time that he was successfully pursuing a business career, but that his latchkey opened only on loneliness.

This sensation intensified in the winter of 1961 when Alex was absent on her long solo tour of the Far East.

The moment of truth arose quite simply when the Princess happened to lose a mascot teddy-bear and blushing Angus bought a replacement and had it flown out to her.

It was when she returned home that they came to an unofficial understanding.

The announcement of their engagement was timed for November 29, to coincide with Princess Marina's wedding anniversary, a day that had awaited a brighter lustre through the long years of widowhood.

As all the world knows, they settled for Thatched House Lodge on the edge of

Continued on page 27

ANGUS helps ALEX from the tourist exit of a plane on which they had flown (tourist class) from Barcelona, Spain, to London.

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The new life of Princess Alex

Continued from page 25

Richmond Park as their first home.

But they've also visited Airlie Castle, discussing possible improvements in case it should become a future home of their own in Scotland.

The smallest castle in Britain, five centuries old, with five main bedrooms beneath its battlements, Airlie is small enough to be comfortably modernised. Perhaps the chief objection is the ghost drummer, whose ghostly drumbeats from the tower are said to herald a death in the family.

Yet a second ghost is rather more interesting.

Neither seen nor heard, this spook is attached to a riverside glade in the grounds and takes the form of an overwhelming sense of the presence of evil, especially at a witching hour between six and seven in the evening when the terrifying atmosphere sometimes becomes unbearable.

This tenuous spook has been vividly experienced by people as level-headed as Jock Colville, formerly secretary to Sir Winston Churchill and the Queen, and the late Princess Royal. Dogs often refuse to enter the haunted glade, their hair bristling.

But Angus and Alex wandered down to the river one evening, forgetful of the horror. When reminded by friends that they had been there at zero hour they confessed they had felt nothing.

That's as it should be—for the invisible thing of Airlie is said to be powerless against people in love.

But there have been adventures in plenty since they first moved in to Thatched House Lodge.

One was when the bracken in Richmond Park caught fire. Angus Ogilvy and his neighbors were out fighting the flames with birch brooms, while the princess sat ready to leave home with her baby if the fire came too close.

And what kind of friends does Angus Ogilvy bring home to share the charm of the Lodge? There are self-made businessmen like Harold Drayton, who is technically his boss; musical kinsfolk like the Harewoods, theatrical people such as Bernard Miles.

ANGUS (right) with some of his business friends. From left, Harry Secombe, Reg Varney, Bernard Miles.

Angus occasionally puts money in theatre shows and as an "angel" — a financial backer—he shows originality and flair.

The first show he ever backed came off after one night.

But he doesn't say much about a current show in the West End that has been running for months and has handsomely cleared all investments.

Alex's drawing-room — 50ft. long—gives plenty of room for people and dancing.

What's so nice about Alex's place is that you never know whom you are going to meet — perhaps a charmingly miniature Siamese princess, or a brawny Rhodesian rancher.

In summer, the french windows are open to the garden and the inviting white terrace furniture.

Very old

Just down the slope of the lawns lies a heated swimming-pool — and a squash court nearby has been converted into a cinema.

Another asset is an old summerhouse half-hidden in thick clumps of heather.

This may be the original Thatched House, for it has a thatched roof and plaster walls and is very old. King George II was once entertained there and the interior has painted walls of elaborate pattern and great charm.

Alex is already worrying a little because it is going to be very difficult to relinquish Thatched House Lodge when the five-year lease expires.

Meanwhile, she can glance out at the lawn and see her baby son romping in the sunlight; and when Alex has to go out, capable middle-aged Nanny Rattle takes full charge of Master James.

If anything is needed, Alex jumps into her mini-car and pops down to the shops like hundreds of other Richmond wives.

When the nanny first arrived, the Ogilvys discovered there was one item of nursery equipment they had completely overlooked—a rocking-chair. So Angus himself went to a local furniture shop to buy one.

Thatched House Lodge is the official HQ of a busy princess as well as the home of a delightful young couple.

But it has also become a lively hub of hospitality for the united Kent and Ogilvy families.

When the Duke and Duchess of Kent come back to London from their various travels, when Princess Marina returned from her last tour of royal duty in Australia, whenever Prince Michael of Kent wants to show off a new car or perhaps introduce a new girl-friend to the family, they always gather nowadays at Thatched House Lodge.

Princess Alexandra's home has become a new hub of family affection, and ever since their father was killed in a plane crash the Kents have always been a peculiarly united and happy family.

Young Prince Michael of Kent is the apple of his mother's eye and of his sister's.

Now nearly 23, he is probably the most dashing bachelor prince in Europe—Lieutenant Kent of the 11th Hussars.

Speed lover

Recently he was home from Germany for a tank instructors' course and the regimental magazine had hailed him as a Jonah: "Every single tank that he touches breaks down."

But it was beginner's luck, for Michael is a brilliant mechanic.

Like his brother, he is addicted to speed (in the right place) and fast cars. Recently at Brands Hatch motor circuit, the champs were astonished that he neared records on his first lap.

Like his brother, Prince Michael has also taken to winter sports thrills and spills—he was with the Army bobsleigh team competing against the Olympic champions at St. Moritz this year.

Still closer to Alex is her elder brother, the Duke of Kent, who, in fact, is only fourteen months older than she is.

His two years' Army service in Hong Kong perhaps slightly detached "Eddie" from the family for a while, but Alex, her brother, and sister-in-law have been affectionately making up for lost time.

Alex greatly admires her sister-in-law, the former Katharine Worsley.

Indeed, to have first a boy and then a girl, as the Duchess of Kent has succeeded in doing, strikes the Princess as the height of maternal felicity.

In the happy family group at Thatched House Lodge, Alex and Katharine love to exchange their points of view about babies, while the Duke of Kent and Angus Ogilvy are firmest friends.

Often an older woman sits in the garden, babies eager to climb to her knee. Princess Marina, the Duchess of Kent, is nearing her sixtieth year and her own mellow summer is all around her, her heart stored with memories, her eyes bright as she watches the family happiness of Angus and Alex.

ALEX with Angus (right) and his brother, Lord Ogilvy, in the grounds of the latter's home, Cortachy Castle, in Scotland.

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NORTH OF BOSTON

Here, in every detail, was the house of her dreams . . . a fascinating short story

By **ROBERT A. KNOWLTON**

I RECOGNISED the house immediately. In my subconscious, at any rate, I must have been looking for it long before I rounded the curve in the road and saw the white walls, the tall brick chimney, the weathervane on the roof peak, the pasture that sloped gently down to a willow-bordered brook.

Heaven knows we'd talked about it often enough. A place of our own in the country, a house for the three of us—this was the staple of our domestic conversation. Each time Jeannie put our four-year-old into his snowsuit for a walk in the park, she'd say, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Simon had his own fields to play in?"

And when she'd bring him back to the apartment, his boots grimy with that peculiar Boston mixture of slush and soot, she'd sigh, "I can picture our house so clearly—shutters against white, white walls, and a brook that splashes like silver through slanting trees." Then, as she unzipped the boy from his waterproof cocoon, she might laugh ruefully and shake her head. "How tiresome to be married to a woman with a one-track mind! Do you think I'm crazy?"

Of course I didn't. She was simply possessed by a dream, a dream I'd gradually come to share, and I don't suppose there was anything really unique about it. Every young couple on the wrong side of Beacon Hill tells each other that some day they'll move to the country.

For newlyweds, a third-floor apartment might be home, heaven, a fortress against the world; but by the time the first baby arrives the stairs have grown steeper and darker and the fortress has begun to feel like a prison.

The Santarellis above us, the Fitzpatricks next door, the Winterfeldts, who played flamenco music in the tiny basement apartment with its barred windows—all of them longed for space and fresh air and the sound of birdsong in their own lilac bush.

When the next promotion came, when they finished paying for the furniture and could afford a decent car, they planned to visit a real-estate agent and study his lists. Which town had the best schools and the most sensible zoning regulations? Where were taxes low and commuter trains convenient?

These were questions that concerned us all, and Jeannie discussed them as eagerly as any of our neighbors—but with this difference: In her mind's eye, she had already chosen her house.

It was odd—more than odd: eerie—how well she knew a place she had never seen. One evening in the Winterfeldts' basement apartment, during the silence that followed a flamenco record, I heard Jeannie say, "The trouble is, it has no linen closet."

Lottie Winterfeldt, placing another record on the turntable, said, "You call that trouble? We don't have a clothes closet." She turned down the volume and asked, "Where is this inadequate house?"

"North of Boston," Jeannie said vaguely.

"How much do they want for it?"

"I'm not sure it's for sale. Maybe it doesn't even exist."

"You mean you made it up?"

"Not exactly." Jeannie's forehead puckered in a frown of concentration. "It's almost as if I remember living there, years and years ago. But that's silly, because I was born and raised right here in the city."

"Jeannie's Scottish," said Sharon Fitzpatrick, laughing. "The Scots have second sight. They're fey."

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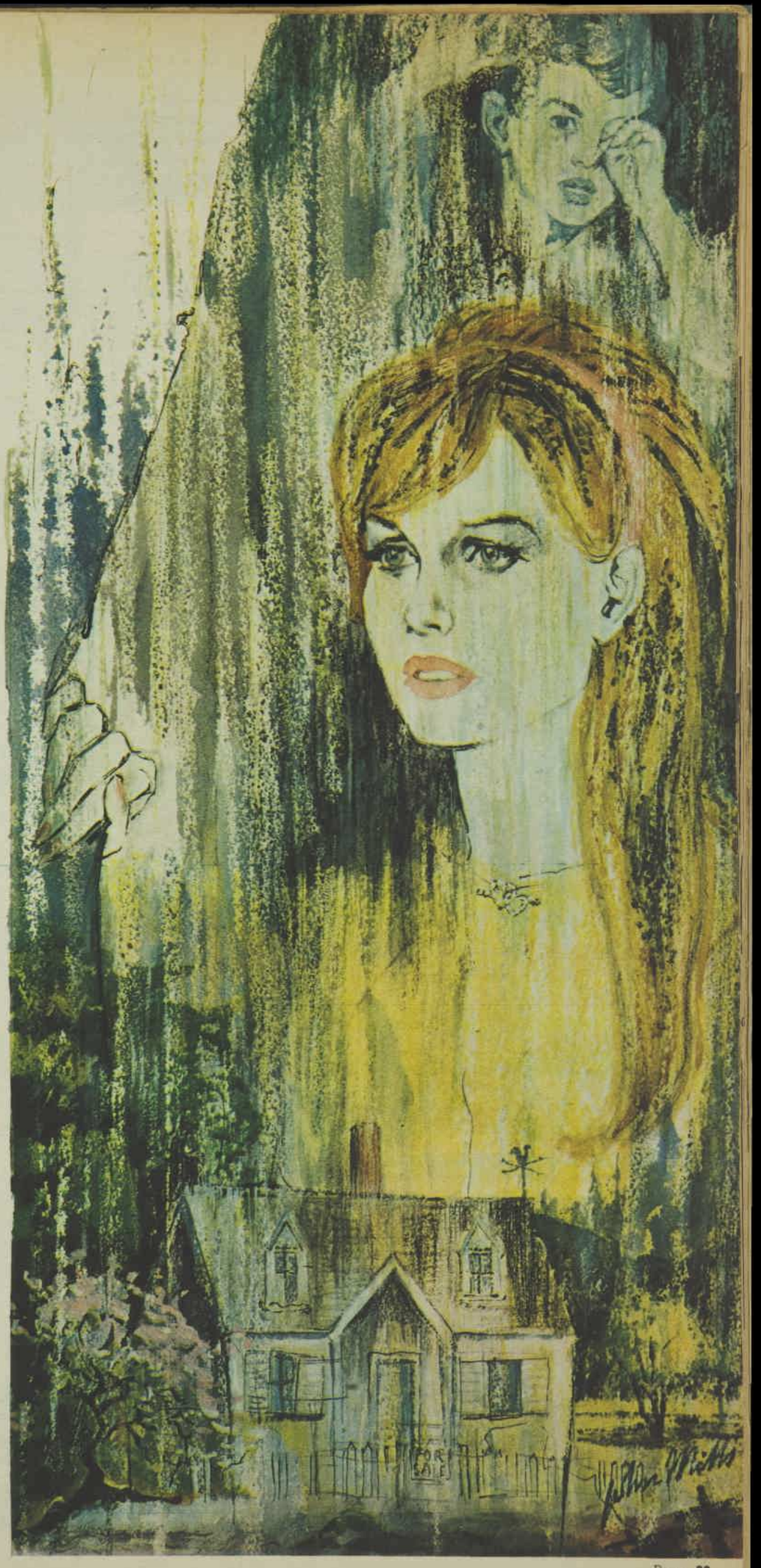

The young mother was overcome with anxiety as she thought of her son.

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I had a wonderful time

An appealing short story

By ENID CONLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

TONIGHT my eldest son went off to his first formal dance. He brushed aside my clumsy efforts to fix his breast-pocket handkerchief and cheerfully took the stairs two at a time on his way out.

I thought that had I been helping a daughter instead of a son I might have managed better. Although I didn't do too well with my first formal 30 years ago.

It was a party planned by my new friend, Rhoda. We travelled to work together on the ferry and had just started our first jobs at fifteen and felt very grown-up. So Rhoda decided she was going to have a formal party on her sixteenth birthday in three months' time.

From then onwards we talked of nothing else. Whom she would ask, what we would wear, the place to hold the party, what to eat; the topics were endless. I saved up my money to buy some pale blue material. It was very stiff and gave my mother a troublesome time making it up.

But she persevered with the material, my fidgets when she fitted it, and my fussiness over the style, and it slowly took shape.

"How much longer have I got?" she wanted to know. "When is the party, dear?"

"Rhoda can't fix the date till her mother makes the arrangements," I explained, "but she's going to have it at a place in town toward the end of August."

"Well, in that case, there's no hurry," said Mother. "That's some weeks away."

But she also had to make a coat for me to wear over the frock. I bought some dreamy stuff, with a wavy self-pattern and soft to touch but not very warm. Not warm at all. My mother finally lined it with flannel. And, as things turned out, I was mighty glad of that flannel.

She started to cut out the coat. I hovered around anxiously.

"Has Rhoda settled on a date yet?" she asked. "After all, it's the end of July now, and isn't her birthday in August?"

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"How grown-up you look," my mother said to me before I left for the birthday party.

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In fighting the pain of RHEUMATISM—

have you ever considered taking a properly regulated course of 'ASPRO'?

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However, in order to gain the full benefit of 'ASPRO' in this way, spasmodic taking of 'ASPRO' is not sufficient — it becomes a matter of proper treatment and not just temporary relief. For best results *a course* of 'ASPRO' is necessary.

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Murder à la Mode

Concluding instalment of our exciting serial

By PATRICIA MOYES

The crowded salon hushed to an awed silence as the final model appeared in bridal array.

INVESTIGATING the murder of HELEN PANKHURST, the Assistant Editor of "Style" magazine, INSPECTOR TIBBETT is surprised to find his niece VERONICA SPENCE working for it as a model. He is told by the Editor, MARGERY FRENCH, that Helen was in love with MICHAEL HEALY, a photographer married to TERESA MASTERS, the Fashion Editor. OLWEN PIPER, the Features Editor, who shared Helen's flat, tells him she was pregnant.

The Editor's secretary, RACHEL FIELD, had left her suitcase overnight in the office, as had Michael and Teresa on their return from a Paris assignment, when they, with other members of the staff and NICHOLAS KNIGHT, a dress designer, had gone to Managing Director GODFREY GIBBS'S place for drinks. Next morning, Rachel's case had been ransacked, although she said nothing was missing. Later she reported her office key stolen.

Helen's diary had suggested a visit to a doctor, and a return half of a railway ticket to Hindhurst for the same day led the inspector to interview LORNA, Gibbs's wife, as their country home is near Hindhurst, but she is unable to suggest any local doctor knowing Helen. He gets the name of Helen's London doctor from Olwen.

The Art Editor, PATRICK WALSH, denies knowing who Helen's lover was, but says Helen knew he was suffering from cancer. Margery is shocked by this news, but, recovering, tells Tibbett she and Walsh are secretly married. NOW READ ON:

AT twelve-thirty precisely, Inspector Tibbett walked into The Orangery. He could see only two familiar faces. Olwen Piper was eating at a corner table with a burly, grey-haired man whom Henry recognised from his television set as a currently popular novelist, wit, and player of panel games.

At a quarter to one exactly, Godfrey Gibbs came in. He nodded to Henry, ignored Olwen, and made his way to his usual table, where he sat alone.

Just before one o'clock, Henry became aware of familiar voices coming from the table behind his own. The speakers were hidden from him—and he from them—by a looped curtain of tangerine velvet and a potted orange tree, but there was no mistaking the gruff, accented English of Horace Barry and the high, light tones of Nicholas Knight. Henry was intrigued by the fact that they had not come in by the front door, which he had under observation. He remembered the small staircase which ran down from Knight's atelier, and decided that there must surely be a direct way from it to the restaurant.

Barry was speaking, and he sounded agitated. "Why you not so be frank with me, eh? Is it I pay you not enough—?"

"I tell you I haven't an idea what you're talking about. Not the faintest. You've been listening to gossip from those terrible 'Style' people. Even Godfrey was hinting the other night . . . don't think I wasn't aware of it . . ."

"Gossip, no," Barry's deep rumble was decisive. "I keep open my eyes and my ears, is all."

"Who told you?" he demanded. "That's what I want to know. Who told you those wicked lies?"

"Nobody tell me," said Barry. "This tell me." There was a smacking sound, as of a magazine or newspaper being placed emphatically on the table.

"That's American," said Knight, more calmly. "That has nothing to do with London."

"Listen, my friend." Barry began to read. "Are Paris designs being pirated? This is the big question raised by persistent rumors that some wholesalers are producing suspiciously accurate copies of Paris models without having bought the toiles, and before the official release date for photographs. This magazine deplores gossip, and thinks that the question should be brought into the open and thoroughly aired. We are not denying that a few recent incidents in New York and London are difficult to explain away, but nevertheless it is our opinion that wholesalers and designers in both countries can be exonerated, for one very good reason—the sheer impossibility of smuggling out of Paris a sufficiently detailed design to be useful. Granted the corruptibility of the occasional midinette, the great couture houses now have security checks of such severity that the smuggling of toiles — which has been alleged — would be, quite simply, a physical impossibility."

"Well, what are you so worked up about? They say it's impossible, and we're exonerated."

"They say it is impossible. But, you see, I happen to know that it is not."

"What do you mean?" Knight's voice was an excited squeal.

"Not so loud," said Barry, warningly. "We speak no more of this now. One thing only I say to you. I will have no scandals. I employ you, I use your name — therefore, your reputation is the reputation of Barrimodes. I do not accuse you. I do not question you. I say only — no more scandal, no more rumors, or . . ."

It was at this moment that Henry saw Veronica. She waved cheerfully, and called out, "Hullo, Uncle Henry! Sorry I'm late. I've been sleuthing for you."

At his corner table, Godfrey Gibbs looked up slowly from his newspaper to give Henry and Veronica a long, hard stare. There was no expression whatsoever on his face. Olwen Piper, however, reacted with more emotion. She broke off in the middle of a sentence to turn round and gaze with unashamed curiosity at Veronica.

Apparently unaware of the mild sensation she was causing, Veronica dropped into a chair, and announced, ringingly, "Gosh, I'm ravenous. I had an awful morning with that dreadful little man upstairs."

Ignoring all Henry's warning signs, she went on. "There's something fishy going on, Uncle Henry, you mark my words. I don't know exactly what it is yet, but I soon will."

"For heaven's sake, be quiet," Henry muttered. "Order your lunch, eat it, and shut up. We'll talk in my office."

To page 53

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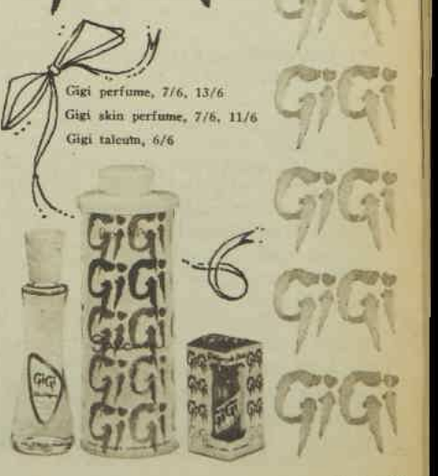

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TOO QUIET

By IDA JOHNS

They found the peace they sought, but something was missing—a short short story

As soon as the Howells let their dog outside the gate she bounded away from them to play with the children.

MRS. HOWELL kept busy, knitting a scarf she didn't need and nobody else wanted. Mr. Howell played game after game of solitaire, knowing he'd never win. They sat in their sunny little living-room in their new little house, facing a long afternoon of leisure—and loneliness.

"At least we don't have those street noises we had in our house in Brooklyn," Mrs. Howell tried to be cheerful. "It's so nice and quiet here."

"Too quiet, if you ask me," Mr. Howell grumbled.

"With the children married and so far away, it was silly to rattle around in that big, three-storeyed house," Mrs. Howell pointed out, "and housework's much easier with everything on one floor."

"Taxes and fuel bills are lower," Mr. Howell admitted grudgingly, slapping down a card, "and payments from our house for the next 20 years makes it easier to live on our pension.

"Selling our Brooklyn house was certainly practical, but it's lonely, at our age, starting all over again in a strange town."

"Naturally, we miss our friends in the city," Mrs. Howell agreed. "We can't expect them to telephone the way they used to. Long-distance costs too much."

Mr. Howell shuffled his cards and started another game.

"It takes time for older people to make friends in a strange town," Mrs. Howell pointed out. "Young married couples with children naturally get acquainted more easily."

"In a development like this, they're all young families," Mr. Howell said. "You can't expect young people to cultivate a couple of retired old fogies."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Howell said with spirit, knowing in her heart it was true enough. "What we need is a little dog to make the house livelier."

"We haven't had a dog since the kids were small," Mr. Howell remembered. "A dog would be company."

Cheered, they discussed the choice of a dog. A puppy, at their age, would be too trying. But a dog, about a year old, would be just right. It was an extravagance, but next day they hired a taxi and drove to the Animal Shelter in the next town.

The man at the Shelter showed them a fine Boxer, a good watchdog. But the Howells didn't want to risk a watchdog biting some child who strayed into their yard.

Finally they selected Tricy, a smallish dog of no special breed, well trained, gentle and affectionate, very good with children, the man at the Shelter pointed out.

Tricy was a darling, but, alas, Tricy found their little house lonely, too. The minute they let Tricy out, she raced away to play with the children on the block.

Tricy even followed the schoolchildren to the corner where they waited for the school bus. The dog seemed to know when the bus was due back in the afternoon and whined to get out. Then she would play with the children until the last child was called in.

Inside the house, Tricy lay around, as dull and depressed as the Howells themselves. At the sound of children's voices on the street or next door, she was all alert and excited, barking to go out. With a sigh, Mrs. Howell would open the door for her.

One morning Tricy scratched at the door to go out. Mrs. Howell looked through the window—and sure enough the schoolchildren were on their way to the bus.

As usual, Mrs. Howell let Tricy out to follow them. She hadn't given Tricy her breakfast yet, but, after all, Tricy could have it later.

The bus must have been gone for hours, but Tricy didn't show up. Worried, Mrs. Howell went for a walk in the neighborhood, whistling and calling for her. There was no sign of the little dog.

Mr. Howell knocked at the doors of several houses and asked if Tricy was inside, playing with the small children. But none of the mothers had seen Tricy.

Lunchtime came and went and no Tricy barked at the door to be let in. They began to be seriously worried. Mr. Howell called the police to learn if any dog had been reported injured on the highway. The police had no such report.

To keep her mind off Tricy, Mrs. Howell forced herself to bake cookies. When Tricy came back—if she did come back—she'd have a cookie treat for the little dog.

In the middle of the afternoon, their telephone rang. It was a young woman, a Mrs. Amy Sanderson, who lived several miles away near the school.

She said a little dog had followed her little girl home from kindergarten and played with the child all afternoon. When she called her child in, she noticed a telephone number on the dog's collar.

"I'll bring the dog right over, that is, if you don't mind my bringing my children, too," Mrs. Sanderson said. "I don't have a babysitter, so I can't leave them."

As she waited, Mrs. Howell made up her mind. Tricy loved children so much, she'd panted two whole miles after the bus. It wasn't right to force a little dog to live with a couple of old people. Sad as it made her feel, she'd give Tricy to the Sandersons.

Tricy bounded out of the car and greeted the Howells affectionately. But she did act sheepishly, as if she knew she had done wrong. The dog seemed delighted when Mrs. Howell asked Mrs. Sanderson and her children in for cookies and ice-cream.

As they ate their ice-cream, Tricy frisked happily about. Mrs. Sanderson explained her little girl walked home and that probably was why Tricy had followed her.

"With no children in the house, it's lonely for Tricy," Mrs. Howell said. "Would you like to keep her?"

"We wouldn't think of taking her from you," Mrs. Sanderson said, "but we'd love to see you and Tricy again. How about you and your husband coming to dinner next Sunday? Our parents always used to have Sunday dinner with us, but now they live far away.

"We miss them so much. It's sad for children to grow up without any grandparents near. Maybe you'd be willing to act as substitutes?"

The Howells not only had a date for Sunday dinner—with a promise of many more to come—but their telephone, usually so silent, rang a number of times that evening.

The mothers Mr. Howell had spoken to wanted to know if Tricy had been found. They took time to chat with Mrs. Howell, just like her old friends in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Howell found herself suggesting to a neighbor that any time the neighbor wanted to shop, she could leave her children with Tricy in the Howells' yard.

As she hung up the telephone, Mrs. Howell turned to her husband, smiling.

"In a strange town, young parents get acquainted through their children," she said triumphantly, "but a little dog is all it takes for older people to make friends."

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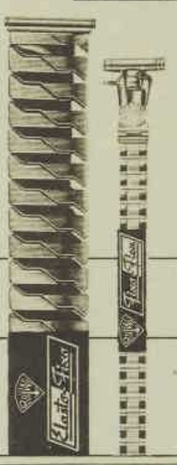

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IN **LORD JIM**, *the film of Joseph Conrad's novel, Peter O'Toole plays a ship's officer whose moment of panic causes the loss of an Asian pilgrim ship. He redeems his honor in a remote village (above), and dies leading a popular uprising against a tyrant.*

In his new film a seafaring coward

ABOVE: The villagers, frantic at their Lord Jim's death, set fire to their own homes as a supreme gesture of mourning.

AT LEFT: In the moving finale a shipping company agent (Paul Lukas) leaves the village on the funeral-eve, his boat surrounded by floating candles, the people's tribute to their dead hero.

Dressing-room talk with a wild man of destiny—

PETER O'TOOLE

● I met Peter O'Toole – the man whom most of the knowledgeable critics have ticketed for super-stardom – in his small medicine-cluttered dressing-room in a film studio outside Paris, drinking a vile concoction of cider liqueur and cough mixture. It was raining outside.

O'TOOLE, now 31, is lanky, wafer-thin (6ft. 3in., 11st. 6lb.), myopic, born in Ireland, reared in an English slum.

He spent two miserable years in the broiling African desert making *Lawrence of Arabia*, which won world-wide awards and fixed him firmly in the galaxy of international movie stars.

Since then he has gone on to film *Becket*, with his spiritual brother Richard Burton, and three additional motion pictures, all being released this year: *Lord Jim*, in which he plays the title role; *The Bible*, in which he acts the messenger of God; and *What's New, Pussycat?* his first comedy (filming in Paris).

In this comedy he plays a magazine editor who refuses to get married because he is snowed under by a wealth of single girls.

O'Toole is enormously talented, a tremendously colorful and confused character, a Catholic seething with doubt and conflict, a brawler, a drinker, a night-life man, wild and self-destructive, an adventurer, a compulsive talker, sensitive and suspicious, an orator silver-tongued and magnetic, a lover wary and charming, an actor, outgoing and uninhibited and, in alcoholised speech, sometimes endless.

I asked him why it is that, as a group, the best actors in the world today are British or British-trained.

"Before a man becomes an actor," he explained, "a recognised actor, in England, he works, he slaves, he crawls, he goes through an apprenticeship of hell in the theatre. He becomes a journeyman, he learns his craft. And he loves it, or he gets out.

"Filthy tribe"

"The British have a theatrical tradition which goes back hundreds of years, to Shakespeare, Jonson, and Marlowe.

"The Americans have a film tradition which goes back 40 or 50 years to the start of Hollywood. Nobody comes up to a handsome truck-driver in London and says, 'Let me take a look at you, young buck. I think if we cap your teeth you've got a good chance to make it in Hollywood.'

"Hell, no, to be an actor in England, any kind of actor, radio, film, stage, the primary requisite is to know how to act, not to ooze sex appeal.

"Look at our actors. Some of them are small, like Alec Guinness and Albert Finney and Hugh Griffith. Some are broad, like Richard Burton. Some are tall, like Rex Harrison and myself. But none of us are pretty boys.

"None of us are handsome in the Hollywood sense of the word. We're a filthy, non-conformist tribe, all sizes, all shapes, but what we have in common is an apprenticeship in the theatre, an apprenticeship in repertory companies which flourish all across England.

"Before I got my first film job, I had acted in 73 plays, most of the time playing old men.

"If you haven't worked on the stage, I don't see how the hell you can call yourself an actor. You've got no yardstick by which to measure a full performance.

"Do you know what it is to be an actor in repertory in England? Night after night you go out and stand on that stage. You try to captivate, interest, intrigue, draw in, attract, hold that audience. And that's not easy.

"Sometimes they snicker and snigger and laugh and snooze. And sometimes they know, the bright ones, the smart ones, the educated ones—they know Shakespeare far better than you.

"Richard Burton was telling me about the time he was doing *Hamlet* in London. One night he spied the old man, Winston Churchill, out front. Every time Richard opened his mouth, so would the old man. He recited every line word by word, syllable by syllable with Richard.

A soft spot

"It was disconcerting as hell. After the play was over, Churchill shuffled backstage. 'Mr. Burton,' he roared. 'You were marvellous, marvellous, letter-perfect. Now tell me, mine Hamlet, may I use your bathroom?'

"I have nothing against Hollywood actors," O'Toole continued. "They're a fine lot, good and decent men. Your Jack Lemmon, a great comedian, an excellent actor. I have a soft spot in my heart for all actors or men who call themselves actors. But the truth is that many American actors do not have the long and necessary stage experience which the British have.

"A lot of your men belong to the funky, scratching Method school of acting, what I call the Rin Tin Tin school of acting. 'Here's a nice lamb chop, doggie. Now react to that.'

"Pretty nearly everyone can do that. But you try and play *King Lear* like that. Or how do you make yourself funny in *Midsummer Night's Dream* when you've just got puns and double talk to work with?

"How do you make a line funny by timing it exactly right with a body reaction? How do you invent a little bit of private business? How do you sustain a performance from start to finish so that the audience doesn't get bored and walk out on you or cough you to hell?

"Stage experience is what makes an actor, what teaches him to perceive, to judge, to evaluate. He learns from audience reaction. That's why the screen is so much less satisfactory to an actor.

"When I was making *Becket*, the producer, Hal Wallis, used to come up to Richard [Burton] and me. 'Do you want to see the rushes?' he'd ask.

"'Good Lord, no,' I'd yell. 'Do you want me to cut my throat?' And Richard would scream, 'Who the hell can tell anything from rushes?'

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turns into a hero

ISRAELI-BORN ACTRESS Daliah Lavi was chosen for the role of The Girl in Lord Jim *after a long search by writer-director Richard Brooks. Other featured actors are James Mason as Gentleman Brown, Curt Jurgens as Cornelius, Eli Wallach as The General, and Jack Hawkins as Marlow. The film unit spent five months in the Far East. The scenes at sea were filmed off the shores of Hong Kong, and the village scenes were shot in Cambodia only a few weeks before violent anti-American demonstrations as the Cambodian policy shifted toward friendship with China.*

By LLOYD SHEARER

O'TOOLE, above, as ship's officer Jim, and, at left, back in London with his attractive wife, Sian Phillips. Herself a clever actress, she had a part in Becket, *where she was able to see his triumph. "When my work stinks," said Peter, "Sian tells me right out, 'You stank'."*

"Richard won't even go to see himself on the screen. All you're seeing is little bits and pieces of work acted out of sequence put together by some editor. Who can be objective when he looks at his own work on the screen?

"But don't think I'm downgrading films." O'Toole paused to gulp three shots of "cough medicine." "I'm not one of those actors who deprecates films, who says imperiously, 'I just do them for money.'

"Devil's test"

"The thing about films is not to let them prostitute you—so that you sell out completely to a medium which basically belongs to directors and not actors.

"I'm not bragging, but I now get as much as half a million dollars a film, and I have a production company which shares in the profits. I, a kid from the slums, son of Paddy O'Toole, the Irish bookie. How do you like that!

"But I did three plays in 1963 for virtually no money. And there came a time when I had to test myself to see whether I had sold out.

"I was offered a million dollars to work in a film. The very same day Larry Olivier asked me to open the National Theatre with *Hamlet*. To me that was an accolade. What an honor to star in *Hamlet*. But what a danger! The critics could devour me, and, as it turned out, some of them did. On the other hand there was that full bag of one million waiting fresh dollars.

"'Seamus,' I said to myself, 'now the devil will test your temptation level.' I chose *Hamlet* because I am still an actor. Films have not yet prostituted me.

"I'm afraid more top-flight American actors have succumbed to the lure of the loot than the British. It is still possible on the London stage to see Olivier, Redgrave, Harrison, Burton, Guinness, Richardson, Gielgud, Howard, Ustinov, Finney. None has sold out to Hollywood or Pinewood.

"They are actors equally good in any medium. They were spawned by the theatre. For them it's home, and they return to it for sustenance and renewal. They are men who crave applause but who also accept criticism.

"I remember when I first began to get some good notices years back. I was talking to Wilfred Lawson, another great British actor. 'Peter,' he said, 'you've got to find a friend you can trust, someone who will tell you the truth. Never make the mistake of surrounding yourself with yes-men whom you put on your personal payroll.'

Wife-friend

"Wilfred has such a friend, Girlie, his wife. And I have such a friend, too—my wife, Sian Phillips.

"We played brother and sister in a play. I married her in Dublin in 1959. I can't remember the date. But she's Welsh, from Burton's country, and she tells me straight. When I stink, she says it right out, 'You stink,' or 'You stank,' or 'You stunk.'

"And you know I don't mind being bad. Far from it. Lots of actors get neurotic if they're bad. But you're only as good as you've the courage to be bad. So it never throws me if I'm bad, and if Sian tells me I stink in something; then I try to do better because I trust her.

"I think that is one of the most wonderful things about Welsh girls. They are all poets and storytellers, but if they love you, they tell you straight.

"I mean, you take someone like Sybil Burton. Richard's respect for her is colossal. It always has been, because hers has always been a sharp and honest eye, a straight and truthful tongue.

"This may seem a terrible paradox in the light of subsequent events. I know Richard's respect for Elizabeth is enormous, but he still has great loyalty toward Sybil. She was a wife who told him true.

To page 38

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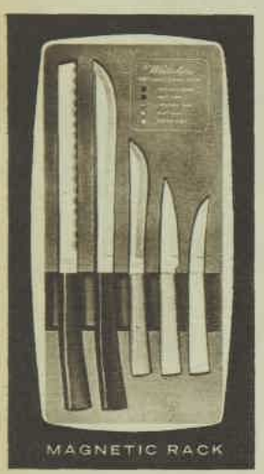

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A TALK WITH PETER O'TOOLE

From page 37

"I'm sure all actors are insecure, but perhaps we on this side of the Atlantic are not as insecure as some of the fellows you have in Hollywood. When we stink, we pay no one to tell us we were great."

Peter Seamus O'Toole was born on August 2, 1933, in Connemara, County Galway, Ireland. His father, Patrick Joseph O'Toole, was a bookie, always on the move. His mother, a Scottish woman named Constance, he refers to as "a saint."

The O'Tooles were churchmouse poor. They wandered in the British Isles from city to city, racetrack to racetrack.

Peter was thin and sickly as a child. When the Nazis began to bomb England in World War II he was separated from his family. He went to live with a kindly priest, Father Leo Walsh, who made him his altar boy.

Young O'Toole, an unbridled spirit, was sent to St. Anne's in Leeds, Yorkshire, where the nuns tried to beat some discipline into him. They failed, and his memories of these days are tinged with bitterness.

"I was left-handed," he says, "and Lord, how they whipped me just trying to get me to write with my other hand. Today I have no religion as such."

Years in navy

O'Toole quit school at 13, went to work in a warehouse wrapping cartons, then got a job as a copyboy on the *Yorkshire Evening News.*

"That's where I got my education," he says. "It was a jump from being a very poor slum kid to meeting people. Journalists, even the worst ones, are full of interests, and they aroused in me a hunger to learn about literature, art, and the world."

From that time, O'Toole has had great respect for the working journalist. He takes pains to provide reporters with a good interview.

At 17 he began his two years of military service in Royal Navy submarines as a signalman. "I didn't want to go. There was no war. I had the alternative of becoming a miner or going to jail. I wasn't a conscientious objector. But I just lacked courage to become a miner, so I spent two miserable years in the Navy standing alone on deck talking to the seagulls for hours and deciding that I very much wanted to become an actor."

Following his discharge, O'Toole, incorrigible as ever, applied for and won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. His first professional experience came with the Old Vic Company in Bristol.

In three and a half years he played 73 different roles, everything from comedy to pantomime, from *Look Back in Anger* to *Hamlet.* It was his *Hamlet,* however, powerful, original, creative, which brought him to the attention of the London critics and got him other job offers.

In 1958 he left the Old Vic, established himself in London as a potentially top actor. In 1959 he was named "Actor of the Year."

Film producer Sam Spiegel invited him to take a screen test. When O'Toole arrived for the occasion, he took off his jacket, and a pint bottle of Scotch fell out.

Later, in a dialogue improvisation, he conjured up a scene in which he was talking to Mr. Spiegel.

Producer Spiegel gave him the quick brush-off, deciding that he would star either Marlon Brando or Albert Finney in his forthcoming production, *Lawrence of Arabia.*

As it turned out, both Brando and Finney declined the role. Director David Lean, possibly the best film director in the world, had seen O'Toole act. He insisted that Peter was the actor to play "Lawrence." Spiegel tried to talk him out of it, but Lean held his ground and O'Toole was signed.

"Victimised"

Lawrence of Arabia took two years of gruelling work, but once the film was released O'Toole became an immediate and shining star.

"Ever since," he claims, "the people around me have changed. They treat me either like a man of stature, a child of luck, or a rich bloke to be victimised.

ABOVE: Peter and his wife, Sian, at home in London with their little daughter, Kate.

LEFT: Made up for his role of Lord Jim, Peter shares a joke with a girl in a Cambodian jungle village. The film cost about £2 million to make.

"I love my work, my newfound fame, the money it's brought me. I have a Rolls-Royce, a lovely house in Hampstead, two lovely children, some wonderful works of art.

"But I also have now what I never had before, the envy, the jealousy, the hatred of the bitter, the depressed, the lonely.

"I am at the mercy of the lunatics, the crackpots, the nuts. Only a few weeks ago I got a phone call at the studio. 'Mr. O'Toole?' 'Yes,' I said. There was a pause. Then the words, in great haste, great terror, great urgency. 'I'm sorry to tell you, sir. Mrs. O'Toole has just cut her wrists. I'm afraid she is quite dead.' Then the phone clicked off.

"And before that," O'Toole recalls, "an even worse scare. The phone in the middle of the night. 'Please leave £20,000 in £1 notes . . . Your little daughter, Kate. We know the exact route she takes to school. If the money is not left, she will not return home — not alive, anyway. Are you listening, Mr. O'Toole?'

"This being a star," says Peter Seamus O'Toole, "it's not all gold, glory, gravy, and fun. But being an actor, a good actor — dammit, man, it's the best escape one has from the solitary confinement of one's own skin, one's own tight, narrow, little mind."

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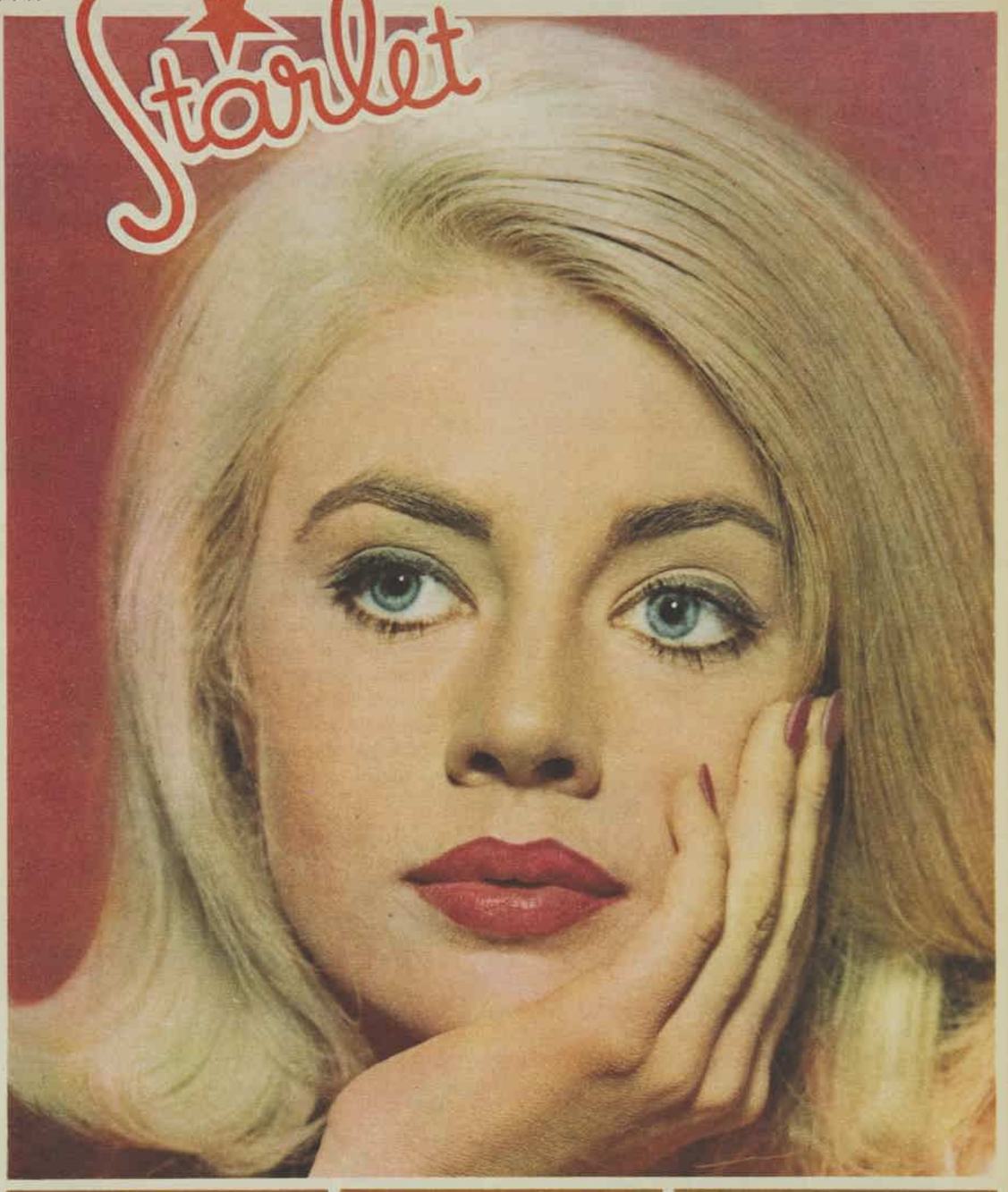

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Smart tip for Mother's Day

drop a hint...

...start a huddle

...get

You'll go to her head with a **Hairdryer** — it's the one with the **walk 'n' talk** feature. Straps to her waist — lets her **walk** around while her hair dries. Whisper quiet — so she can hear herself **talk,** even on the phone. Has the wonderfully handy bonnet that lets her reach in to check her hair without disturbing the set. And look at that superb carry case. Easily the most luxurious of all. Doubles as an overnight case, too.

You'll perk up her spirits every morning with a **Automatic Coffeemaker.** See that cute **"Peek-a-brew"** window* on the side? That tells her exactly how much water to add and how much coffee is left. Only G-E has it. Truly automatic, it switches itself off and keeps the coffee hot 'til you're ready. Terrific capacity — makes up to 10 big cups.

Her heart will beat faster when she sees this super de-luxe **Portable Mixer.** More powerful than many stand-type mixers, it's much more handy. Hangs on the wall, goes to the stove. Comes complete with a drink whisk for exciting malteds and fizzes. Has a wonderful plug-in **knife-sharpener** you can buy now or later.

She'll really get the "red carpet" treatment if you give her a **Vacuum Cleaner.** A special Deep-grooming Head "beauty brushes" her carpets for most thorough cleaning with least wear. The "jumbo-size" bag saves her hundreds of emptying trips. And this is the most powerful cleaner in Australia.

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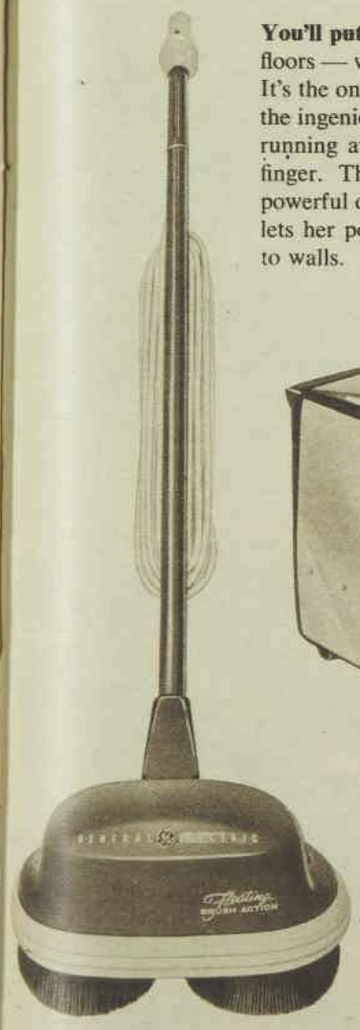
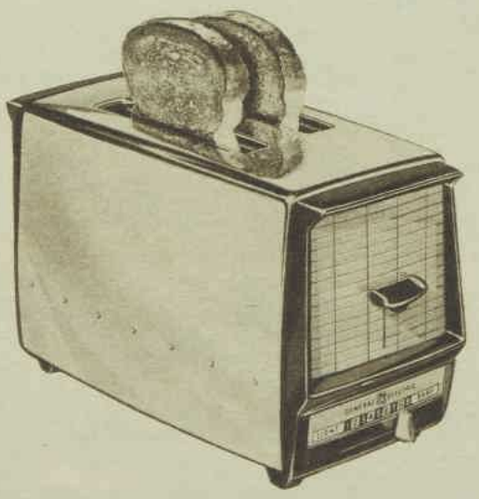
t yourself a club-together GE gift

Memo: **All Husbands.** Here are seven wonderful ways to warm a mother's heart. Choose the one for **your** kind of Mum, then have the family club together for a gift she'll never forget. They're all G-E so she'll know you're "doing her proud" with the finest appliances in a woman's world. Check the suggestions below.



You'll put a gleam in her eye — and on her floors — with a GE **Floor Polisher/Scrubber.** It's the only one with **Floating Brush Action,** the ingenious feature that prevents bucking and running away — lets her guide it with one finger. The G-E motor is easily the most powerful of all and the particularly low contour lets her polish under chairs and right up to walls.



She'll glow with pride when you give her this GE **Automatic Toaster.** No more burnt toast — each family member simply dials the exact shade of brown-ness he or she prefers and, seconds later, up it pops with an audible signal to let you know it's done to perfection. Mother will love G-E's **1965 sheerline styling,** too.

She'll go all "misty" when you give her a GE **Spray, Steam and Dry-Iron** — it's Australia's **only automatic** spray iron. Sprinkles out wrinkles in a twinkle. Sprays without spurting. Steams without spotting. And it's "the one with the water window" so it tells when to add water without shaking. For a little less, you can get a Steam 'n' Dry or an automatic Dry iron — both tops in their field.

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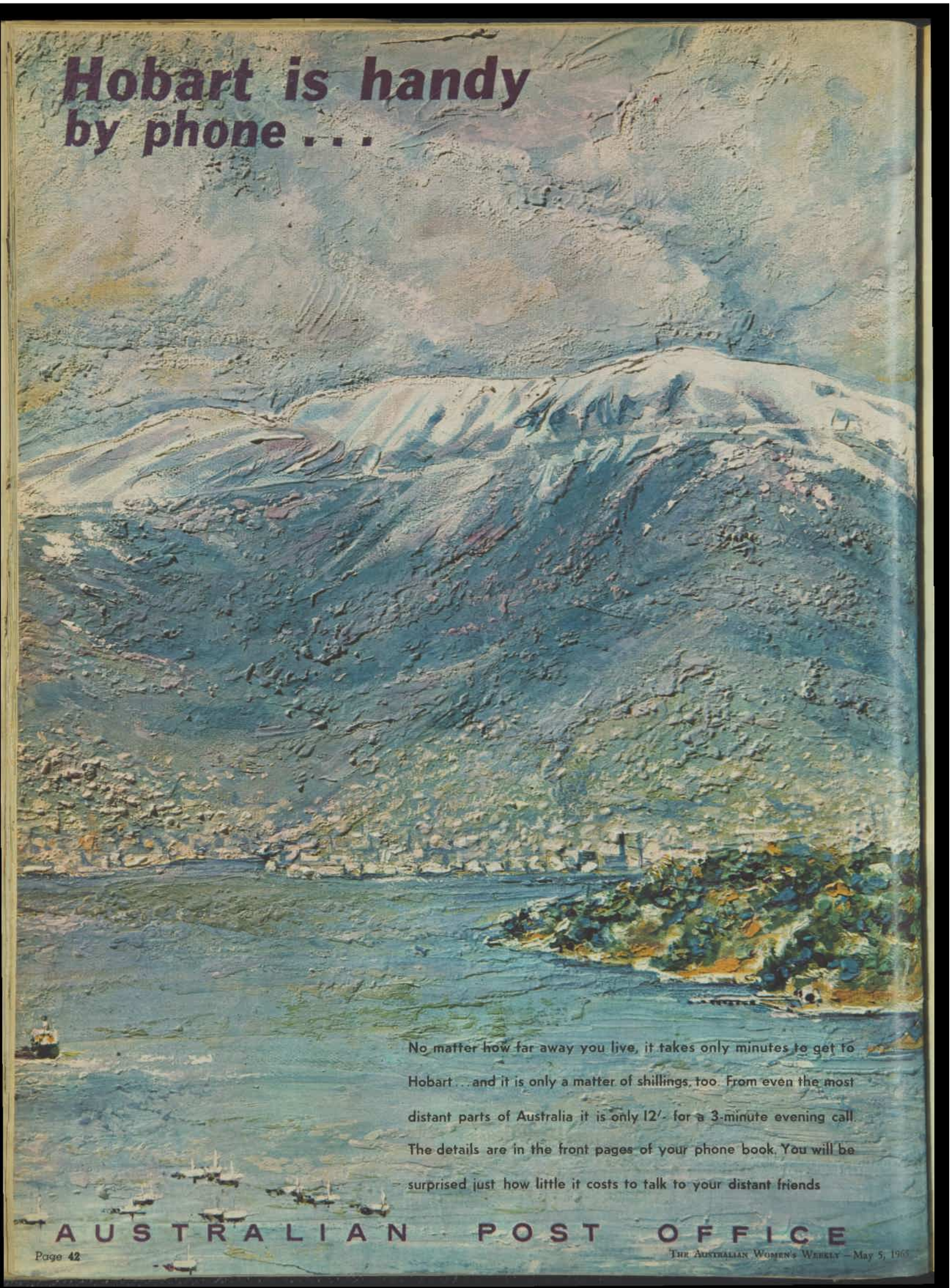

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If you're prepared to live like goldfish in a bowl, then it can be fun to have a . . .

HOUSE FOR SALE

● Owing to the ages and diverging interests of our growing family of four children, ranging from 18 to seven years in age, we had been thinking of trying to sell our present home in favor of a more spacious one.

By HEATHER RICHARDS

WE were finding that TV booming, Elvis Presley strumming, and Algebra homework questions going on in the same lounge/dining-room warranted this momentous decision.

Through a friend, we were advised, and duly inspected a suitable home which seemed to meet our requirements, and as the owner had just been notified of an interstate transfer, all seemed to augur well.

He, of course, **warned us that if we should not sell our home quickly he would have to place his own on the open market, and we must take our chance.**

This in no way deterred us, as we were confident we could easily sell our five-year-old modern, accessible home ourselves, thus saving agent's commission and inconvenience to us.

How the mighty have fallen! We advertised in the appropriate columns in the newspaper, indicating it was a private sale, and forthwith had to beat off the agents like flies.

We also erected a "For Sale" sign outside our property to draw attention to the fact. Then we sat and waited.

Prospective buyers certainly appeared, but the home gradually became a house, and then a museum.

We lived like goldfish in a bowl. Untidiness became a major crime, and if someone reached the front door without being detected through the venetians, the children soon became most adept at throwing surplus clothing, toys, food, etc., into any convenient receptacle, cupboard, or even under a bed or lounge.

Baths to order

The immediate effect was fine, but we are still finding remains of an orange in a bureau drawer, or a pair of soiled socks sandwiched between the clean towels in the linen cupboard.

With practice, this clean-up operation could be completed in five seconds flat.

Baths were permitted only at certain hours, as a purchaser could not be denied the enchantment of seeing our bathroom just because the occupant protested he "couldn't come out right now."

Meals were planned on an odor-free basis, lest, perchance, the perfume of cauliflower or stew should mar a sale. Relaxation in the home became a dim memory.

Having endured this for five months — still without making a sale — I have decided there are definite categories of buyers.

Some entered, ran ahead of us, through the house and out again leaving the front gate open before we had time to say, "Good morning." We could only assume it held no interest for them.

Others came for the outing. They'd sit in the lounge, legs crossed, relaxed, discussing business problems, troubles encountered with teenaged children, the latest operation someone in the family had just endured (stitch by stitch), and even telling in great detail particulars of the home they had just sold "to the first person who walked in."

Included in this group was one dear old lady, plus bulging stringbag, who had just missed her bus, had seen our street sign, and thought she could happily pass away half an hour while awaiting the next bus, investigating the house "in case her sister ever thought of moving."

This all went on while my half-mixed cake stood (or fell) in the kitchen.

These are known as "The Sightseers," often lonely souls with nothing to do and no one to listen to them — and they have you trapped!

Then there is a faction of this group out to change the place.

They mutter betwixt themselves about knocking walls out, pushing windows in, adding and subtracting verbally to the construction of the property, and after some 45 minutes or so, having practically rebuilt the place, they decide they really don't think the location would suit them.

One such client, who practically tore up the floorboards and inspected every nail in the fence, finally asked me who had the responsibility to remove a lone gum tree in the back garden — the purchaser or the vendor?

The reply was terse, implying that IF he should sign a contract he was free to plant a forest or concrete the entire backyard, exactly as his heart decreed.

However, after giving this due thought, he decided he would remain living where he was, as his wife didn't want to move anyway!

"The Psychological Buyer" is out to drive a hard bargain.

Usually accompanied by one or more of his kin or ken, he will inspect the house closely and in silence, and upon completion — bingo! Stand back for the blast, given politely and with disarming smile.

Too dear!

The house, he says, has no appearance; is in a bad street; the rooms are very dark/small, and/or unimaginative; the carpets are not to everyone's taste; and the kitchen tap drips.

To conclude, the price is far, far too high, will never sell at that figure, but (with a shrug and downturned mouth) they could make do with the place.

What - is - the - lowest - you - will - take - for - it? (All in the same breath.)

The whole idea, of course, is to make you feel so depressed about the whole thing that you will beg on bended knee for them to take this monstrosity off your hands!

Next we have "The Furniture Placers."

Considerable time is spent affecting great interest. Hopes rise, as piano, sideboard, Grandma's clock, etc., are finally placed in various rooms.

Hand-spanning and foot-pacing goes on, and mentally we are shaking hands on the deal, when the mirage disappears through a simple thing like a hallstand or coffee-table that simply cannot be dispensed with and will not fit in.

Not to be overlooked are "The Admirers."

They simper in and think everything is "lovely," including the pictures, furniture, the children, ornaments, and the cat. All these tenderly patted or fondled.

They inspect everything but the structure they have come to inspect.

They are quiet, courteous, and with ethereal smiles, float down the front path, leaving nary a ripple of excitement over a pending sale.

"The Distracted" form another segment of home-seekers.

Usually, when they appear, with one or more children in tow, the latter are told to "be good whilst Mummy and Daddy look at just one more house."

Two rooms are usually the limit before a loud noise indicates that Junior is pulling the books out of the bookcase; riding a tricycle into a glass door; or in helping himself to a biscuit has upset the contents over the floor.

This, of course, tends to interrupt the concentration of both buyer and vendor, and after one or more of these disruptions, they are forced to abandon the inspection and withdraw, holding Junior's hand in a vice-like grip, muttering through clenched teeth, "I told you not to touch."

Pity is felt for them in their search of a home that will withstand even an inspection.

Last, but not least, are "The Offerers!"

It would seem that a certain minority make a practice of approving the property, inspecting two or three times (convenient or otherwise), and then make an offer on the sale price.

The let down . . .

This leads to great jubilation (if acceptable), the owner feels "it's in the bag," pours a glass of cheer, and next day wishes to drown in it, as the offer is withdrawn.

The reason may be that two homes were under consideration, and favorable decision given to the other one, or upon talking it over they "decided against it."

Whatever the reason, these are the great heart-breakers in the game, and in some cases, I feel it is a hobby with the person concerned.

However, if you still want to be a do-it-yourself home salesman, take my advice and prepare well ahead.

Fortify yourself with a strong nerve tonic, and cover your carpet thoroughfares with mats, as both show signs of wear after a while. See if a relative will mind the children at least over the week-ends, and above all keep your sense of humor.

If you can do this, then you're ready to open your door with a smile and start the incessant "Good morning, please come in — now, this is the lounge with gas fire . . ." And with you goes my heartfelt good luck!

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M.J. of Kurnell, N.S.W.
I was too overweight but now have lost three stone.
L.M. of Inman, S.A.
I take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart for slimming and I praise them to my friends.
P.K. of Wahroonga, N.S.W.
I took off seven pounds in one week.
J.V.K. of St. Peters, Sydney.
I'm back to normal and so much better in health, I can really highly recommend Ford Pills.
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BISCUITS, coated in chocolate and topped with crisp nut toffee, win the £5 prize. See recipe at right.

Nut-toffee biscuits win £5 prize

● First prize of £5 has been awarded for unusual biscuits in which chocolate and toffee topping make a delightful flavor combination.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 has been won for an interesting selection of sandwich fillings.

Level spoon measurements and the eight - liquid - ounce cup measure are used.

CHOCOLATE TOFFEE SQUARES

Biscuit: Four ounces butter, 2oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 1 egg-yolk, milk to mix.

Toffee Topping: Three ounces sugar, 4oz. honey, 3oz. butter, 4oz. almonds, 4oz. dark chocolate.

Biscuit: Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolk. Sift dry ingredients together and work into creamed mixture. Add a little milk if necessary. Press into greased swiss roll-tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

Toffee: Boil sugar, butter, honey together 5 minutes. Add almonds, cut into slivers. Pour over biscuit, return to oven for further 5 minutes; cool. Cut into squares. Melt chocolate and dip squares to coat sides. Set on greased paper.

First prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. M. Smith, 6 Princetown Road, Mount Waverley, Vic.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Cheese and Tomato: Two peeled and chopped tomatoes mixed with ¼ cup grated cheese and 1 tablespoon mayonnaise.

Celery and Cheese: Four tablespoons finely chopped celery, sprinkled on slices of processed cheese.

Egg and Bacon: Two lightly boiled or scrambled eggs, combined with 1 rasher of cooked diced bacon.

Cucumber and Cheese: Slices of cucumber spread with cream cheese and finely chopped gherkin.

Sardine and Tomato: Two tomatoes chopped finely and blended with 1 can sardines and a little vinegar.

Date and Peanut Butter: Finely chopped dates, sprinkled over bread which has been spread with peanut butter.

Raisin and Walnut: Chopped raisins softened with a little lemon juice and mixed with finely chopped nuts.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Maguire, "Rosedale," Danganleigh, Armidale, N.S.W.

KITCHEN HINTS

● These cookery hints from readers win £1/1/- each.

WHEN making custard for vanilla slices or custard puffs, add to it while hot a dessertspoon of gelatine. The custard will keep without becoming watery and pastry will remain crisp.—Mrs. R. Davies, 74 Oden Rd., Innaloo, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Table wines will keep longer for cooking purposes if you pour in a few drops of oil before re-corking. — Mrs. F. Geddes, 211 West St., South Hurstville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Don't waste time icing a sponge cake that has to be made and served at short notice. Spread top with jam and sprinkle it thickly with coconut. — Mrs. B. P. Bulbrook, c/o P.O., Garradunga, via Innisfail, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To prevent seasoning falling out of poultry during baking, place a large slice of bread over cavity after stuffing and before stitching it up. The bread hardens and clings to the stuffing. Remove bread before serving. — Mrs. M. H. Johnstone, 106 Dawson Rd., Upper Mt. Gravatt, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

For an interesting variation to a basic biscuit mixture, add 2 mashed bananas and a dash of nutmeg. — Mrs. Ruth Churchyard, 84 Main St., Blackburn, Vic.

★ ★ ★

A delicious dessert: Add chopped toasted marshmallows to hot drained stewed apple pulp. Stir in 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup whipped cream, and 1 tablespoon chopped nuts; mix thoroughly. Chill before serving. — Mrs. Erna Plant, "Pinehill," Quandong Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

English mahogany chair.

ENCLOSED is a photograph of a chair acquired in England, where it had been in a small village awaiting repairs since World War II. It has been recovered since, but the wood is perfect. In the centre back is a piece of inlay with a design of leaves and stems in pinkish and yellow wood.

Can you give me an idea of the age of the chair? I have been told they were made in sets of four as card chairs. Is this so?

Mrs. W. D. Kerr, Lyneham, A.C.T.

Your chair is a mahogany corner chair of the Edwardian period, 1902 to 1910. These chairs were usually made in pairs, but sometimes in sets of four or six with a matching settee.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a willow pattern cup and saucer brought from England some years ago. The cup is perfectly round without any handle and neither piece has any brand or marking. Could you tell me if this cup and saucer are of any value and their age if possible?

Mrs. A. M. Green, Byron Bay, N.S.W.

It is obvious that your willow-patterned cup and saucer were not made later than 1810. However, with seeing a photograph it is impossible for me to attribute it to a factory or even state its monetary value. The first willow cups and saucers were made at Thomas Turner's factory at Caughley (England). The original engraved copper plates of the design, which is a transfer pattern, were engraved by Thomas Minton in 1782. Thomas Minton was apprenticed to Thomas Turner at Caughley. Many examples of Caughley porcelain are unmarked. The texture of the "body" (when examined through artificial light) varies from a yellowish straw color to slight brownish tinge.

IN your issue of October 14 last year you identified a pair of silver salt cellars for a reader. I have a similar salt cellar. Could you tell me if it is a genuine antique? The shape is exactly as those previously illustrated. The maker's name is Tessiers, London. — Miss B. M. Broadbear, Armadale, Vic.

Your hallmarked silver salt cellars are an Edwardian reproduction. They were made by A. and F. Parsons (of Edward Tessiers), London, 1907-1908.

COULD you tell me something about part of a teaset (right)—a sugar basin, sandwich plate, and cup, saucer and plate, which are square in shape and have a gold line around the edges? It belonged to my mother and is eighty years old to my knowledge. The cups have the number 513 on them, but there is no other marking on the others.

Mrs. W. H. Callaghan, Ballarat, Vic.

Your teaset is English Staffordshire porcelain made about 1875 to 1880.

Staffordshire teaset.

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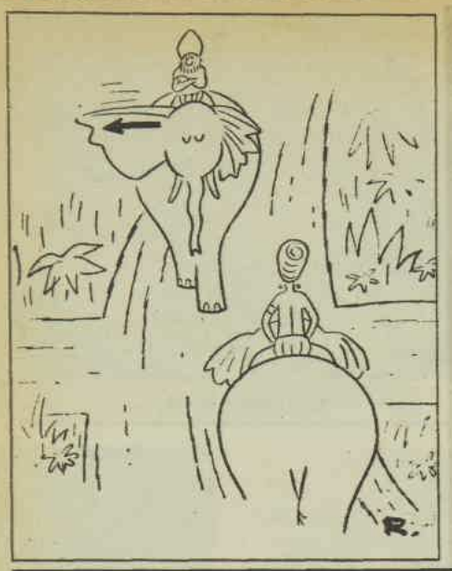

CAN YOU PREPARE YOUR CHILD FOR A FRIGHTENING WORLD?

By SHIRLEY CAMPER

● "Bombs away!" piped a childish voice. "There, that finishes Melbourne!" chimed in another five-year-old. "Watch out for radiation . . . All dead, all dead! . . . Now let's build another city to bomb."

Their parents listened, astonished.

Only minutes before, while the group of kindergarteners played quietly in a sandbox, the adults had solemnly agreed it was important to protect youngsters as long as possible against knowing about the horrors of today's world.

HOW realistic is their wish?

Every age has had its terrors — its wars, plagues, and crimes. But today these are more powerful, more possible — and especially more visible to children through the new media of communication. And in our close kind of life what one child doesn't know others are sure to tell him.

Maybe children can be brought up to "hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," but such attempts are usually self-defeating.

Youngsters so protected can be deeply wounded and shocked when they learn eventually that the world, unlike their own home, is full of trouble — and unanswerable questions.

Parents who face up to the reality of life as it is, who look squarely at possible disaster and still continue on calmly with the business of daily living, tend to relieve their children of that greater fear, worry about the unknown and the half-hidden.

When in the course of natural events your child learns of Hitler's concentration camps, for example, or asks about bombs and death, a frank and honest answer (but not a grisly account) will be less frightening than evasions or half-truths.

The ability to adapt to changing conditions is a great aid to a child's sense of security, too.

When he knows that life is livable even if the externals change, he can face an unknown future more easily.

He is less likely to be disturbed if your family's satisfactions do not depend upon a particular way of living or upon material possessions.

The ability to do without and still to find enjoyment can be acquired through camping trips, exploring, travelling, and learning skills that do not depend solely on things.

But suppose your child, instead of fear, sometimes shows too much attraction to the macabre, the violent, the brutal in play or on the screen?

If substituting something more agreeable doesn't distract him, then it's time for a clear statement of principle—and some discipline.

One boy brought home a black plastic model of a shrunken head. He had time to swing this around only once.

"I'm sorry you spent your money on that, Johnny," his mother said as she took it away, "but I won't allow anyone to bring such an unpleasant object into our house."

No complaint from Johnny.

His mother's firm rule and decisive action were a relief. Most children are basically uncomfortable about brutality and its symbols.

Your appreciation of the heroic also will help both the child worried about the world and the child who seems to adapt to its worst features too easily.

Someone to love

Even little children will sense your admiration and respect for stories of bravery and courage: for the girl who defied a shark to try to rescue a boy; for the unknown truck driver who quietly drove off after saving a family from a burning building; for the Hungarian children who fought valiantly against tyranny.

But probably most important to any child's development, to his ability to withstand shock and fear, is the presence of a person he loves.

The children least frightened and troubled during the bombing of England were those physically close to their mothers, even when bombs were falling all around.

For our children, today's threats are less real, less disturbing when someone they love is there for talk, for reassurance, for understanding and comfort.

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Jeannie smiled, too, but not with her eyes. "Don't you ever dream about a house?"

"All the time," said Sharon. "And a yacht, and a million dollars."

"What sort of place do you see?"

"That depends. When I listen to these records of Lottie's, it's likely to be an adobe hacienda with terra-cotta tiles."

"Mother sent me a new evening dress last week," said Lottie, "and I dreamed of Versailles. Talk about glamor! Nothing less than the Hall of Mirrors would do."

"I'm not that fickle," Jeannie said. "I always see the same place." Her voice turned soft and far away. "The vine shading the front porch—it never changes. Just inside the hall there's a grandfather clock, the kind that shows phases of the moon, and the wall of the living-room is one huge field-stone fireplace. Upstairs, the windows are open, and I hear the brook all night long.

"This isn't just house fever," Jeannie added, "the kind we all catch when we read the real-estate ads. I know this place, every inch of it, from the storage bins in the basement to the weathervane on the roof. Lottie, I was wrong. It does exist, it must, because it wants me to live there."

The next morning, I awoke before dawn to the sound of quiet sobs. "Jeannie," I said, "what's the matter?"

"I made a fool of myself. At Lottie's."

"No, you didn't. You've got the four a.m. blues." I took her in my arms, but she wouldn't be quietened. Her shoulders shook and her knuckles were pressed white against her teeth. "Is it the house again?"

She nodded.

"It won't be long now," I promised. "A lot of policy renewals have come in lately and my commissions are way up. Try to sleep, Jeannie. A few more months and we can start looking seriously."

"A few months," she moaned. "Oh, I know I'm not making sense, but the dream was so real! I saw the house again tonight. I walked to the porch and under the vine and the front door was locked.

"I tried to push it open, but it wouldn't budge, and somewhere, all around me, an angry voice was whispering, 'You're too late, too late. We could have been happy, but you didn't come when I called. You never tried to find me.'"

"We'll find it, Jeannie," I said. "I give you my word."

. . . . . .

Perhaps all discoveries have to wait until we're ready to make them. I drove north the next day to adjust an accident claim at one of the marshland farms near Rowley. As I retraced the spiderweb of roads back toward Route 1-A, I saw it silhouetted against the evening sun.

THERE wasn't any possibility of error; I'd lived with Jeannie's house too long not to recognise it. Open shutters against white walls, tall and narrow chimney — incredibly, there it stood, with a groove of willows lining the brook.

Yes, a weathervane sprang from the roof peak and, yes, the unpruned tendrils of a large vine shaded the front porch. It had space, fresh air, open fields, everything that would delight a growing boy like Simon, but it struck me as an unfriendly house, a house that held no welcome for strangers.

A sign on the gate, hand-lettered, caught my eye and I didn't have to read it to know it said "For Sale." My knees felt weak as I stepped out on to the road. Jeannie must have been by here before, I told myself. When she was a child she must have passed this way and the picture stayed in her mind. But I knew she hadn't. What child could keep such a memory for decorative detail?

An old man with broomstick bones, looking as if he had shrunk inside his faded sweater, answered my knock. "If it's about the pasture," he piped, "I can't rent it this year. We're moving."

Confused, I said, "I was driving by and saw your sign."

"My goodness, that is quick work! We only put it up yesterday." Over his shoulder, he called, "Agnes! A gentleman wants to buy the house."

Continued from page 29

NORTH OF BOSTON

"I don't really know yet," I said. "That is, I wonder if I could look around."

"Look all you want," said a stronger, heartier voice. At the far end of the twilit hall the old man's wife was descending the stairs. "We haven't listed it with an agent because they want five percent!"

I turned toward her, but my glance never got farther than the mahogany grandfather clock in the corner. I heard myself asking, "Does that just tell time or does it give—well, other data?"

"The phases of the moon. Are you interested in antiques?"

"It's the house that interests me. This may sound silly to you, but is there a linen closet?"

They looked at each other quickly and the husband said, "That's the only drawback. Agnes has to keep sheets and towels in a clothes press."

"Not the only drawback," she said. Again they exchanged that quick look. "Oh, we want to sell the house, all right. We're not as young as we were and these long winters north of Boston make Florida seem more attractive. But we agreed we'd have to be honest with any—prospects." Very quietly, she said, "This house is haunted."

"A delightful ghost," said her husband. "Charming."

"But a ghost, nevertheless. In this day and age it's ridiculous, I know, but we've seen her."

All I could think of to ask was, "What does she do?"

"Just wanders. For months she's been straying from room to room, looking, smiling touching the furniture. Sometimes we hear her call to a boy playing in the fields outside. She's tall and very lovely and she wears a silver pin shaped like two intertwined hearts."

"If we're going to be honest, Agnes," her husband said, "we have to tell the whole story. She does more than wander."

"Well, yes—but that's quite recent and it may not last." Her eyes on mine, she said, "Last night she stood at the bedroom window, the one overlooking the brook, and she was weeping as if her heart would break. 'Simon,' she sobbed over and over again. 'Simon, why? It's such a tiny brook, so safe! Oh, heavens, Simon, how could it happen?'"

I don't remember a thing about my drive back to Boston. I must have arrived about suppertime, because Jeannie had just come in from the park. Watching her unzip the boy's snowsuit, seeing her head bent over the grimy boots and the intertwined hearts gleaming at the throat of her dress, I knew right away what I had to tell her.

"Jeannie," I said, "Jeannie, darling, tomorrow we start looking for a house. I'll take the day off and you and Simon and I will drive south. I hear you can pick up some wonderful bargains in the country south of here, and we've waited long enough. We won't come back till we've found a place of our own."

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TRY THIS AWARD WINNING BONLAC RECIPE

APRICOT AND CUSTARD FLAN

(Illustrated above)

INGREDIENTS: (Level measurements)

FLAN CRUST:
1 tablespoon Bonlac
1 cup Flour
2 tablespoons Butter or Margarine
1 teaspoon Sugar
1 Egg Yolk
Cold Water, Pinch Salt

FILLING:
1 cup Sugar
½ cup Flour
1 cup Bonlac
Pinch Salt
2 teaspoons Vanilla Essence
2 Egg Yolks
3 cups boiling Water
1 large tin Apricots

GLAZE:
⅛ pint Fruit Syrup
1 teaspoon Gelatine
Squeeze of Lemon Juice

METHOD

FLAN CRUST:
Rub butter into flour, Bonlac, sugar and salt until crumbly. Mix to stiff dough with egg yolk and water. Roll thinly and line flan or 9" pie plate; pierce with fork. Bake to golden brown, cool.

FILLING:
Sift flour, Bonlac, sugar and salt into top of double saucepan. Stir in boiling water gradually and cook 15 minutes over hot water, stirring until thickened, then stir occasionally. Add beaten egg yolks, cook 3 minutes, add vanilla essence, cover tightly, chill. Fill flan shell with custard filling and cover with drained apricots. Soften gelatine in syrup and dissolve over low heat, add lemon juice and cool; when almost set spoon it over fruit. Chill. Top with whipped cream if desired.

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● What happens in your household to the custard that curdles and the biscuits you forget and allow to burn black while you're talking on the phone?

I BRAZEN the custard out, arguing that it tastes the same even if it looks frightful.

The biscuits I bury in the rubbish tin, covering them with something concealing like the contents of the carpet sweeper. I then throw open the kitchen window in the hope that the smell of burning will disappear before some member of the family walks in and says, "What have you burnt *this* time?"

This is the wrong method, according to a book I've been reading on cuisine classique. Mistakes have to be made, and you need to learn to throw away pounds' worth of food with a gay laugh and start all over again.

"It is essential that those learning have the best materials at their disposal," the author says. "Sometimes dozens of pheasants or a souffle in which five or six dozen eggs had been used found their way to the garbage pail."

Much as I grumble about the amount of dirt people track into this house, I don't think the contents of my carpet-sweeper would cover that sort of disaster!

But the author was writing about a royal garbage pail—Queen Victoria's. The book (it's an old one published about 11 years ago, but you might find a copy in your library) is called "Royal Chef," and was written by Gabriel Tschumi.

He started as a chef's apprentice in Queen Victoria's kitchen and ended up at the top of his profession, cooking for British sovereigns and future sovereigns until his retirement in 1952. As an apprentice, he was paid £15 a year. (Buckingham Palace then had an indoor staff of 300, with a kitchen staff of 45.)

In the "good old days" of marathon eating . . .

IN Queen Victoria's day breakfast consisted of seven or eight courses, and lunch and dinner were usually ten or twelve.

Even hearty eaters found this a bit of a strain, so the practice was to serve sorbets, or water-ices, halfway through the meal "so that the stomach could be cooled and rested before the really solid part of the meal—the roast—was tackled."

The order of courses might run: Soup, salmon, cutlets of chicken, saddle of lamb, water-ices, roast pigeons, green salad, asparagus in white sauce, fruit salad, mousse of ham, lemon ice-cream.

Tschumi's water-ice recipe (enough for 25 people) was 22oz. sugar, 2 quarts water, juice of two lemons and one orange, 8 whipped egg-whites. Flavoring: a little port, sauterne, brandy, rum Kirsch, or Grand Marnier. Method: Boil sugar and water to a syrup. When cool whip in the egg-whites, fruit juice, and flavoring. Freeze.

He suggests that as nowadays nobody has a joint *and* a roast and there's no need to "cool the stomach" between them, this could be served as a dessert ice.

When Edward VII succeeded Queen Victoria he and Queen Alexandra took much more interest in the food that came out of the royal kitchens, and at State dinners the most exciting and elaborate French dishes (some of them taking three or four days to prepare) were served.

But King Edward also introduced the idea of a nice simple Sunday dinner — roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, served with roast potatoes and horseradish sauce—as a change from rich food.

The King's recipe for Yorkshire pudding? Take ¼lb. of flour and five eggs, beat them together in a basin for about 10 minutes. Then add a pint of milk, strain the mixture through a sieve and cook in very hot dripping in a frying-pan.

Personally, I'd like a bit of salt added to that. I expect King Edward had some, too, but probably M. Tschumi didn't mention it because he thought no cook could be such a blithering idiot as to leave it out!

The first sandwiches at Buckingham Palace

SANDWICHES, he says, have appeared at Buckingham Palace only in recent years.

The basis of all savory snacks served until the last two reigns was a biscuit made of equal parts of butter, grated parmesan cheese, and flour.

Mix into a paste, roll out thin, cut into shapes, and bake on a greased tray in a medium oven for about 20 minutes. I tried this one, using a quarter of a pound of each ingredient, and they're good.

When George V succeeded to the throne, his tastes were simple. He liked Irish stew, hot soup (which he had at meals and at 11 each morning, too), Bombay duck, curry, roast beef, cottage pie, and cutlets.

Luckily for the cooks, Queen Mary's tastes were entirely different, and they could practise the more exacting parts of their art on her.

M. Tschumi cooked for King George V during the illnesses of his old age, when he had constant conferences with the King's doctors to find tempting and digestible dishes.

In his book he gives one invalid recipe that they found most successful. You chop some tiny cubes (about the size of a sixpenny piece) from a raw fillet of beef, and set them in a clear, soft chicken or beef jelly.

Days of austerity—World War I, World War II, and the years of shortages that followed it—were sad days for chefs trained in the old traditions.

According to Tschumi, King George V's coronation banquet in 1911 was the last really magnificent menu served at Buckingham Palace. There were 14 courses, and "a great many memorable dishes which few chefs these days would know how to prepare."

By 1923 when the Duke and Duchess of York (later George VI and Queen Elizabeth) were married, royal wedding breakfasts had been scaled down to eight courses (soup, salmon, lamb cutlets, chicken, ham and tongue in aspic with salad, asparagus, strawberries with patisserie, fruit) and lasted one hour.

Twenty-four years later, when their daughter (the present Queen) was married, her wedding breakfast had only four courses—fish, partridges, an ice-cream dish, and fruit. The meal lasted only 20 minutes.

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BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

Give importance to windows with eye-catching PELMETS

● If the window is one of the main features in your room, why not give it more prominence with a decorative, well-proportioned pelmet?

OR, more easily, make your curtains more attractive by sewing on braids or fringes. Quick color changes can easily be made for spring by covering chair and pelmet in a plain material to tone with patterned curtains.

But before you rush to the machine, study the architectural features of your room. It is most important that the pelmet is in proportion to the room. One that is too heavy, too narrow, or too fussy is liable to show as a glaring mistake.

Follow the rule that a pelmet is usually one-eighth of the height of the window. Shallow pelmets give an illusion of height to a room, but if the ceiling is really low an uninterrupted fall of curtain, without pelmet, is more desirable.

How to make

Measurements: Measure width of pelmet, adding 6in. at each end to allow for section which goes round the pelmet rail at the sides.

Make a paper pattern and fit to rail with adhesive tape to decide on the shape that looks best. Measure at deepest point.

Materials: Pelmet is cut across width of fabric. If material is not wide enough for pelmet to be cut in one piece, add equal amounts of material at each end to ensure an unbroken stretch of material across the front.

You will need the same amount of lining and buckram. Buckram is 18in. wide, and you cut your piece from the length so there are no joins.

You will also need self-ruffling curtain tape the length of pelmet plus 1in. to attach pelmet to rail.

Cutting out: Mark pattern on to buckram, cut out carefully to exact size of pattern. Cut out fabric and lining, allowing 1in. for turnings all round.

To make up: Keeping fabric flat, tack buckram to wrong side of material.

Bring raw edge of material over on to buckram, catch stitch in place. Snip turnings on curved and angular edges. Mitre corners by folding corner of fabric over on to buckram. Fold down top edge of fabric on to buckram. Fold over left-hand piece of fabric on to buckram, hem the two folds together.

Sew on braid or fringe trimmings, using catch-stitch. Turn in raw edge of lining and hem on to wrong side of pelmet.

Place curtain tape or heading tape ¼in. to ½in. from top of wrong side of pelmet and hem, making ends secure. Attach pelmet to rail with curtain hooks.

Pleated pelmet

Small windows need just a small gathered pelmet, but for larger windows try an unlined, box-pleated one.

Allow two to two and a half times the width to be pelmeted. Fold over 1in. single turning at top edge and narrowly hem other edges. Iron flat.

Working from right side, 1in. from edge, mark out with pins at top and bottom edges in a repeated order of 1in., 1in., and 2¼in. Fold third pin back to first pin. The large space forms the area between pleats. Fold fourth pin on to the sixth one.

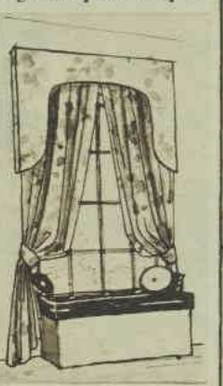
Continue in this way along the pelmet. Pin pleats firmly, iron with damp cloth, tack top and bottom edges. Sew curtain tape along wrong side of top edge, remove tacking, and press again.

Sketches (right) give a few examples of the various types of pelmets you can make. Simple straightforward pelmets can be brightened with the addition of bobble-braid. Add broad matching curtain ties.

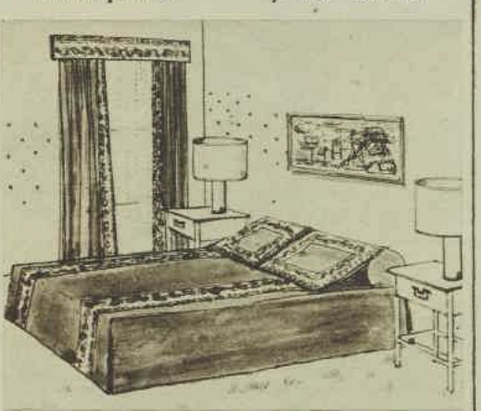
For a more ambitious and dramatic effect, see the shaped, stiffened pelmet, shown below right, framing a window seat. You can add a matching roller blind.

BOBBLE - BRAID brightens plain drapes.

CURTAINS' pleats conceal pelmet.



SHAPED pelmet frames window.



SEW a wide-ribbon border to plain curtains, pelmet, and bedspread for a quick face-lift.

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"Yes," I said. "But she may not be able to have it exactly on her birthday. It's hard to line everything up. And the printed invitations won't be ready for a few days yet."

"Special invitations and all," said Mother. "Just fancy that!"

But the few days passed and the invitation didn't come. I rushed home every evening and looked in the letter-box on the way in, and on the dressing-table as soon as I got inside.

I didn't like to keep asking Rhoda about it. And, anyway, she hardly gave me a chance. She raved on and on about her emerald-green silk, and her matching satin shoes, and the real pearl earrings she was going to borrow, and the silk embroidered evening-bag.

I had no bag or earrings, but a chainstore provided some dangles

Continued from page 31

I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME

for my ears and my mother cut down a beaded handbag of hers. But although she shortened its depth, she couldn't alter the large tortoise-shell frame with its old-fashioned clasp and chain handle.

I hated that bag, but I used it. I couldn't hurt my mother's feelings after she had gone to so much trouble. Not only with the bag, but with my lovely long pale blue frock and cream three-quarter coat.

She made a great big dustcover bag from unbleached calico in which to hang my new evening wear. And I would open the wardrobe and stand looking at that bulky bag, just wishing the night would come when I could lift my lovely frock from its calico shroud.

Rhoda eventually fixed a date, and a place, and I regretted ever telling my mother that a printed invitation was to be forthcoming.

I finally asked Rhoda about it, and she said that the most awful thing had happened. She had picked up the packet from the printer's and coming back from downtown had dropped it from the tram.

There she was, sitting in the open compartment (she always sat outside, it was too stuffy inside), with the little parcel on her lap, and, when the tram jolted, it had fallen off. Just like that. And there wasn't time now to have more printed.

"Isn't that terrible," I told my mother. "Poor Rhoda, losing her invitations like that."

"Yes," said my mother. "Just fancy that!"

She didn't sound convinced, but when no invitation arrived, not even the week before the dance, she must have realised that Rhoda really had lost that packet, as she said.

Mother had never met Rhoda, but she must have felt she knew her by the way I rattled on about my new friend. Just by chance we had met on the ferry going to town, and we liked each other on sight, and always travelled together after that, at least till the night of the party.

Rhoda lived in a flat in an elegant block of apartments on the waterfront, right near the ferry wharf. She pointed out her bedroom window to me. It was on the third floor and had pink lace curtains which sometimes billowed out beautifully.

"You must have a wonderful view of the harbor from your room," I said enviously.

"Utterly fantastic," she said. "I must show you some time."

But she never did, although I hinted a couple of times that I'd never been inside a flat. We lived in a timber-framed cottage which my father had built and my mother had helped to paint, and we had a garden where we grew our own vegetables and flowers.

Sometimes I took Rhoda one of my dad's special roses to wear on her dark green wool coat. She must have loved that coat. She always wore it. But then it did give her almost a grown-up figure, with its fitted bodice and flared skirt. And she vowed its special shade of green was just her favorite color.

It really suited her smooth olive skin, with the natural flush on her high cheekbones, her large dark eyes, thickly fringed, and heavy dark hair braided like a coronet on her head.

"I'll wear a trail of tiny roses," she said, "pinned above my plait to the party."

"I wish I had long hair," I said.

She looked at my thin pale face, with its fair fine hair, straight and short, with a bobby-pin holding it back from my forehead.

"Just brush it close to your head," she said. "And set a kiss-curl on each side, in front of your ears."

So, on the Friday night before the party, I licked my fingers and locked two bobby-pins criss-cross over a few strands of twirled hair. I kept them in place all day Saturday, and under a scarf when I bathed and powdered and splashed cologne on my wrists.

And in the evening, with my pale blue gown a floating mist around my ankles, almost concealing my old white sandals, silver-frosted for the occasion, my glass earrings dangling and my beautiful kiss-curls each side of my face, I felt wonderful, just wonderful.

"My," said Mother, "how grown-up you look. Have a good time, dear, and be home by eleven."

To page 51

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I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME

Continued from page 50

"Really, Mother, do I have to be home by eleven?"

"You know the rules," she said. "Ten-thirty, unless it's something special. And this is special, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "this is special."

And my voice lifted gladly, and I called goodbye to my goggling little brothers and I went out of the gate with a slinky swing to my hips, and down the steep hill to the bay.

I had to meet Rhoda at the ferry wharf. She was going to bring her new boyfriend I'd only just heard about, and her boy cousin, who was about my age, for me. I had nearly a mile to walk. But the breeze from the sea smelt salty-clean, and it brushed my first long dress against my silken ankles, and the song on my lips was a soft little tune all my own.

I walked across the tramlines near the wharf and felt to see if my twirling curls were intact. They were still stiffly stuck to my face and I looked expectantly for Rhoda, but she was not there yet.

A ferry came in and its human cargo scattered. I stood looking at the few young men who alighted. Perhaps Rhoda's cousin was coming for me. But they all passed by.

I looked up at the third floor of the elegant block of flats. A light in the pink-curtained window went out as I watched.

Rhoda is coming now, I thought, there goes her light. But Rhoda didn't come. I waited and waited. And the salt breeze seemed clammy and cold. I was glad of the flannel lining in my coat. How wise my mother was.

And how good she had been to make my new dress and to silver my shoes and to remake her beaded bag for me, although I hated it and hoped Rhoda wouldn't notice its odd shape. But why didn't Rhoda come? Where was she?

I LEFT the ferry wharf and crossed the wide space where the trams looped to turn, and walked up the black and white tiled steps fronting the block of flats. I went to the third floor, up carpeted stairs, and looked at the names on the doors.

There were three flats on this floor. Three doors with cardboard nameplates stuck in oblong framed slots. But none of the surnames was Rhoda's.

I went down the carpeted stairs and found a little, bent man shuffling through the hall with a stack of clean towels. He said that nobody with Rhoda's name lived in that building.

I walked outside and stood shivering. August in Sydney can be very cold. But not as cold as my heart on that Saturday night.

Rhoda, I thought, how could you! I trusted you, I admired you, in fact I think I loved you. And the tears were close behind my eyes and I had a great stone in my chest.

The ferry blew a short little blast as it came into the wharf. I watched the gangplanks lowered and the few passengers alight. The engine-room bell cling-clanged and the deckhands lifted one gangplank and moved to the other.

I ran and just caught that ferry. I sat in a little upstairs cubicle, sheltered from the wind, and watched the lights fade astern.

I can't go home yet, I thought. My mother must not know. She made my clothes with loving, careful hands. She knew how I felt about this party and my first long formal frock.

So I sat on the ferry and made two trips to town and back. The deckhand, checking on the passengers who didn't get off and go through the toll gate, collected my fare. I had the time to make a third trip, but not the money, so after we reached the wharf on the second time round I tripped down the gangplank with my head high, clutching my skirt and made-over bead bag, holding my coat against the cold breeze.

I dawdled before some shop windows on the promenade, but only a few were still lit up, and then I walked slowly under the sighing Norfolk Pines along the shore road home.

My kiss-curls were drooping and so were my spirits.

"Is that you, dear," called my mother from her darkened bedroom when I quietly walked into the house, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes, thank you," I said, "I had a wonderful time."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 28.

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, lilac, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ One of the best weeks so far in 1965. There could be windfalls galore, lucky breaks by the bateful — and financial uplift for many. Love and romance blossom in an exciting week.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Your period of progress. Success is promised in all fields, and love, marriage, and romance receive top priority, except on the 4th, when Cupid shows a snide smirk.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A dynamic and fortunate week should provide all the change of pace so dear to Gemmian hearts, more so since Jupiter has entered your sign and guarantees a smoother, more fruitful life.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ You, too, share in the good things this week promises. Many pleasant things could happen at home. Marriage and romance get glamor treatment. Ideal for land purchase, real estate, etc.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ An excellent time when many domestic problems could suddenly solve themselves. Push the original idea — you could cash in handsomely. The stars favor those who seek an exciting life.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, jade, black. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
★ You receive a big boost in your personal affairs, and your environment expands. Tension eases for many—it is a time for a breakthrough and an opportunity for wider horizons.

LIBRA SEPT. 23—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ All to do with romance, courtship, and love comes under smiling stars. A lucky week when friends help, wishes come true, and good resolutions receive the blessing of the stars.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, blue. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Apart from muddle in love matters on the 4th, the stars give you an exciting week. Both the career woman and the mother benefit. Good news at home with a boost career-wise.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, silver. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ There should be a quickening in the tempo of your life. Pleasant romantic interludes should help to give success and solve problems. Push plans — luck is with you. This week you can't lose.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ Happy accent on romance brightens life. For some, romance buds on a sea voyage. For others, unscheduled and exciting trips. For all, a chance of success with solid gains.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, brown, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
★ Friendship, which means so much to Aquarius, is greatly favored. There is assistance from a powerful friend, the chance of new, unusual friendships. Love and marriage are in favor.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blue, brown. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Surprising things in store — mainly pleasant ones. A big uplift for many, with very good stars particularly favoring marriage and romance. Accent on change, new horizons.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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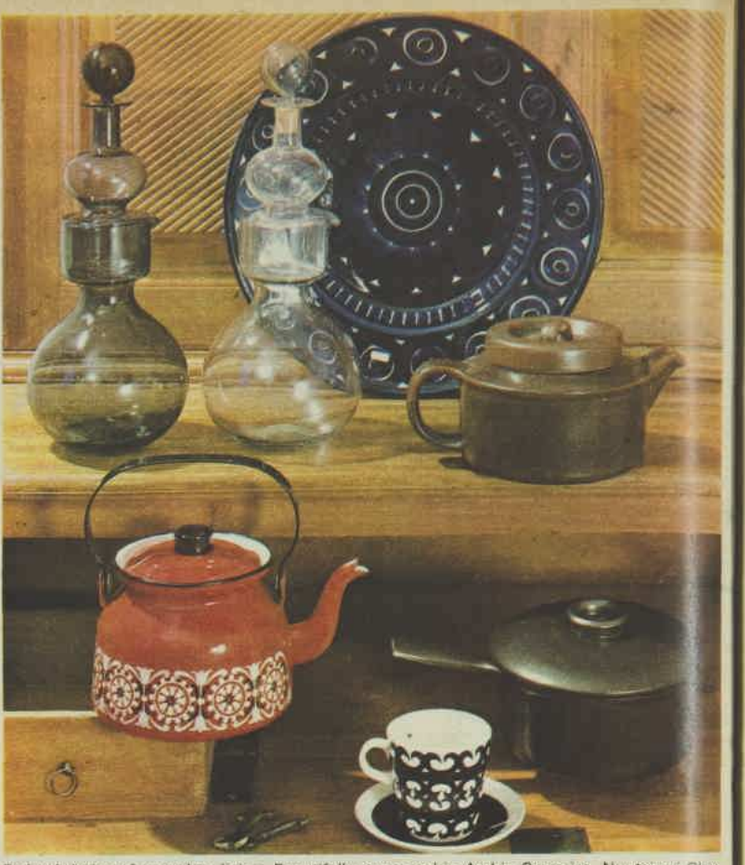
FELIX



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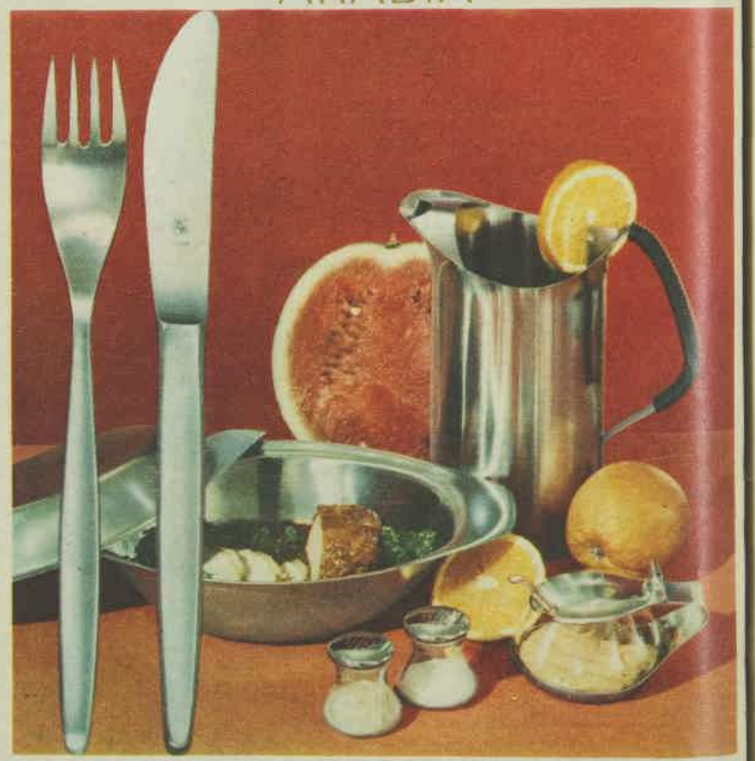
ARABIA



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Continued from page 33

MURDER A LA MODE

Veronica smiled. "Oh, very well," she said. "Anyway, I wasn't going to tell you today what I think I've found out, because I don't know for sure yet, but by next week—"

"Veronica!" said Henry, sternly.

She picked up the enormous menu, and, in its sheltering shadow, surreptitiously winked at him.

Back in the privacy of his little office at "Style," Henry proceeded to give his niece a large piece of his mind. He demanded that henceforth she should dissociate herself from any kind of detection whatsoever, and he forbade her to appear in Nicholas Knight's show.

She agreed willingly to abide by all Henry's suggestions—with the exception of quitting the Nicholas Knight show. "All the clothes have been fitted on me now," she explained. "I couldn't let him down at this stage. It wouldn't be professional."

Nothing that Henry could say would shake her on this point, but so gratifyingly chastened was her manner that he decided to let it pass, and went on to the subject of Paris and Rachel Field's suitcase. Veronica was indignant.

"I didn't touch her beastly suitcase," she said with spirit, "and if she says I did, she's lying."

"Look, Ronnie," said Henry, "I'm not accusing you of anything: I'm sure that anything you did was completely innocent. Nevertheless, if somebody did ask you to slip something into Miss Field's suitcase, you must tell me about it. I promise you won't get into trouble; and in a serious case like this you mustn't have scruples about telling tales on other people."

BUT Veronica was adamant. "I tell you I never went near the wretched suitcase. I was in her room while she was packing, but I wouldn't have dared touch anything."

"Miss Field was called away in the middle of packing, wasn't she?"

"Yes. Teresa came and knocked on the door and asked her to go along to her room to check on something. She was away for about ten minutes."

"Nobody else came in?"

"Not a soul."

"Well," said Henry, "it certainly looks as though whoever ransacked Rachel's case didn't find what they were looking for. Unless," he added sternly, "there's something that you haven't told me."

Veronica's big eyes grew even bigger. "Oh, no, Uncle Henry. I've told you everything."

"I hope you have," said Henry. "Now you'd better run along. I have some calls to make. Remember what I told you and keep your nose out of trouble. Are you coming round to the flat for a drink tonight?"

"I can't. I'm going to the pictures with Donald."

"Don't discuss the case with anybody, Ronnie. Not even Donald. Above all, don't tell him that you think you may have discovered something. Incidentally, what was all that nonsense you were talking at lunchtime?"

"Oh, nothing."

"If you've stumbled on something you must tell me."

"No, honestly. It's nothing."

"Come and see us tomorrow and we'll talk it over then."

"I'm sorry, Uncle Henry. I can't. I've promised to go and spend the weekend with Nancy at her parents' place in the country — you remember Nancy Blake, don't you? The girl I share my flat with."

"Well, that should keep you out of harm's way, at any rate," said Henry. "Till Monday then."

Henry made a phone call and then took a bus to Onslow Street, in Kensington, to the residence of Dr. Walter Markham.

Dr. Markham was a stout, fatherly man in his late fifties, who greeted Henry with an expression of worried concern on his normally jovial face.

"A great tragedy," he kept repeating as he ushered Henry into the comfortable, leather - upholstered consulting-room. "A great tragedy. Such a charming woman and so young. And yet — which of us can blame her? If she saw fit to take her own life . . ." He sighed.

Henry was intrigued. Again the suggestion of suicide. "What makes you say that?" he asked.

"Well . . ." Dr. Markham hesitated. "I presume that the P.M. will have revealed her state of health . . ."

"You were her doctor," said Henry. "What was her state of health?"

Dr. Markham looked surprised. "I imagine," he said, "that she was suffering from a malignant cancer."

"You imagine —?"

"I had better explain. About two months ago she came to see me in a state of distress. She asked me in confidence to give her the name of the best cancer specialist in London. Naturally, I was very concerned. She maintained that she was asking on behalf of a friend . . . that is very usual. Helen confirmed my suspicions by being most insistent that I should tell nobody of her visit. In particular, she wanted to make sure that Miss Piper did not hear of it — her flatmate, you know. Another patient of mine. There was nothing I could do except give her

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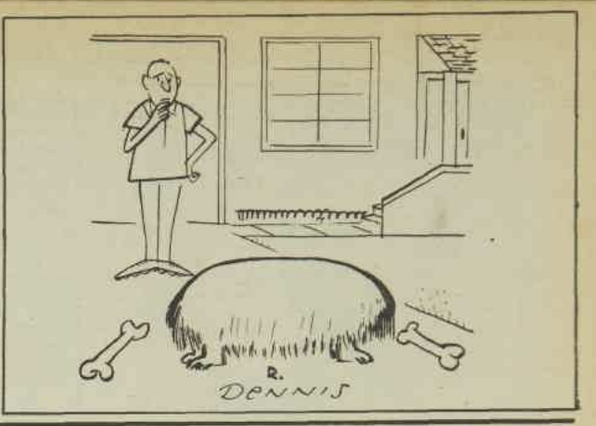

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Winning entry in the 1964 Goya Award: "Boys Fishing" by Vytas Kapociunas.

Goya

ART AWARD 1965

The International Perfumery House of Goya is proud to announce details of its 1965 "Goya Art Award". In 1964 the "Goya Art Award" stimulated widespread interest in artistic, educational and cultural circles. Hundreds of entries came from all over Australia and two entries were received from as far afield as New Guinea. The House of Goya was widely acclaimed for its encouragement of young Australian artists. Again in 1965 the accent is on youth. The contest is open to all artists 21 years and under in any artistic medium excepting sculpture and photography.

SUBJECT: "YOUNG AUSTRALIA '65". Goya's art advisers have suggested that the title "Young Australia '65" should provide tremendous scope for artistic expression. The younger generation is asked to interpret its own times and society in any direction the imagination leads.

PRIZES: The winner from each State will be awarded 25 GNS. The "Goya Art Award" national winner will receive 100 GNS.

UNDER 17 SPECIAL AWARD: There will be a special award for the best entry from the 16 years and under group. In addition, a trophy will be awarded to this winner's school.

HOW TO ENTER: Entries should be suitably mounted (though not necessarily framed) and sent to the address of Eric White Associates in your State. These addresses appear below. The following information, clearly printed in block letters on plain paper, must be attached to your entry: NAME, ADDRESS, STATE, AGE. All entries must be carefully packed and protected. Goya can accept no responsibility for damaged entries.

JUDGING: *State Judging:* Begins June 28th, 1965.
National Judging: Begins in Melbourne on July 26th, 1965. The Judging panel consists of leading Australian art authorities. Their decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. It is not intended to create any legal relationship between entrants, judges and the company.

CLOSING DATE: Entries close June 21st, 1965.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS: Winners will be announced in the daily press as soon as possible after judging.

EXHIBITIONS: State entries will be exhibited in their respective States for one week.
A national collection of the best entries will tour Australia. Exhibition venues will be arranged in conjunction with the Myer Group. Dates will be published in the press.

COLLECTION OF ENTRIES: Entries not selected for national exhibition will be available for collection during the first week in July.

Where to send entries:

New South Wales	Goya Art Award Eric White Associates (NSW) Pty. Ltd. 15 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY
Queensland	Goya Art Award Eric White Associates (QLD) Pty. Ltd. 250 Queen Street, BRISBANE
South Australia	Goya Art Award Eric White Associates (SA) Pty. Ltd. 15 Franklin Street, ADELAIDE
Western Australia	Goya Art Award Eric White Associates (WA) Pty. Ltd. 214 St. George's Terrace, PERTH
Tasmania	Goya Art Award Eric White Associates (TAS) Pty. Ltd. 152-154 Macquarie Street, HOBART
Victoria	Goya Art Award Eric White Associates (VIC) Pty. Ltd. 343 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE

Continued from page 53

MURDER A LA MODE

the information she wanted and let her go."

"Which specialist did you recommend to her?"

"Sir James Braithwaite. He's the acknowledged expert."

"Thank you," said Henry.

. . . . .

"My dear Inspector," Sir James Braithwaite said. "Please come in and sit down. What can I do for you?"

"It's very kind of you to make time to see me, Sir James," said Henry. "I understand you are very busy."

"Yes, I fear I am. I'm just back from the Vienna Conference, and I know I don't have to tell you, Inspector, how things mount up the moment one's back is turned."

"When did you leave England?" Henry asked.

"At crack of dawn on Wednesday morning, by air," answered Sir James.

"So," said Henry slowly, "you presumably haven't seen an English newspaper since Tuesday. You don't know that Miss Pankhurst is dead."

"Miss—?" Sir James leant forward, puzzled. "I'm so sorry, Inspector. I don't grasp quite what you . . . Miss Pankhurst? Who is she?"

"The Assistant Editor of 'Style'," said Henry.

Sir James gave a helpless little laugh. "Am I expected to know something about this young woman?"

"She was not, then, a patient of yours?" Henry asked.

"No. I have never had a patient of that name."

"She may have used an assumed name. So," said Henry, "I've brought along a couple of photographs of her for you to see."

Sir James studied the two pictures gravely, then looked up and met Henry's eyes. "You tell me," he said, "that her name was Pankhurst and that she was unmarried. I knew her as Mrs. Charles Dodgson. She was not my patient, but her husband was . . . and still is."

"Tell me, what was your diagnosis of Mr. Dodgson's condition?"

"Mr. Dodgson," said Sir James slowly, "is suffering from a malignant cancerous growth in the stomach. At the moment, its effects are only such as to cause mild discomfort, but it is so situated as to be inoperable. I would give him a year to live."

"Have you told him so?"

"No." Sir James pondered. "In such a case, I always consult with a near relative as to whether or not the patient should be told. I first examined Mr. Dodgson on . . . wait a minute, I will check the date." He went back to the filing cabinet. For a moment he looked bewildered, then he smiled. "Oh. Stupid of me. Mr. Dodgson's card is not here. I quite forgot. The circumstances were slightly unusual. Mrs. Dodgson telephoned me to make the appointment, but emphasised that she and her husband were both working people and could only come to me on Saturday or Sunday. I explained that I spend every weekend in the country — a vain attempt to preserve a private life.

"She said that this would suit her admirably. Her husband had no suspicion that he might be suffering from cancer, and she did not want to alarm him. She could easily arrange for them to spend the weekend near my country house. In this way, she could get him to come and see me informally, as it were, with no idea that—"

"I don't know when you first saw Mr. Dodgson," said Henry, "but you certainly examined him just over a month ago — on 28th December."

"That's right. That was his first visit."

"Mrs. Dodgson arrived first, probably by taxi, and spoke to you," said Henry. "I imagine that she asked you to keep your diagnosis secret from her husband, but to tell her. You replied that you wouldn't be able to give a definite answer straight away — tests would have to be made, and so on."

Sir James smiled. "This is wizardry," he said. "You seem to know more about it than I do. Go on."

"Mr. Dodgson turned up by car a little later, you examined him, and they drove off together. Correct?"

"Correct."

"When did you next see him?"

"He came in for an X-ray a couple of weeks later. I was fairly sure of my diagnosis by then, but I wanted the X-rays to clinch matters. Mrs. Dodgson was not with him on that occasion. He was anxious about his condition, so I kept my promise and merely told him that he had a stomach ulcer. He went off quite happy."

"Then," said Henry, "on Tuesday of this week the X-ray results came through, confirming your worst fears. When she telephoned, you told her that you would like to see her. You explained that you would be in Hindhurst until Tuesday evening, and were leaving for Vienna on Wednesday morning —"

"That is correct."

"She replied," pursued Henry, "that she could come to Hindhurst and see you on Tuesday afternoon. This she did and you told her the worst."

"Yes. She broke down when she first heard the truth. Then she pulled herself together and asked me a lot of highly intelligent questions. She wanted to know all about her husband's condition and how she could best care for him and make his last months happy and comfortable. In short, her approach was constructive. I cannot believe that she went away and killed herself."

"She didn't," said Henry.

"But . . ." Sir James hesitated. "There is this inconsistency in her name. Am I to take it that she was not, in fact, Mrs. Dodgson?"

"You are."

"Then — forgive me for asking this, but I am concerned with my patient—who will look after him?"

"Your patient has a wife," said Henry. "Whether she will be as sympathetic and sensible as Miss Pankhurst, I can't say. In the course of time I'll send her to see you, but her name is not Dodgson either."

. . . . .

On Saturday Henry went to Helen's funeral, which Godfrey Gibbs had organised.

Margery French and Patrick were there, sitting together; so were Michael and Teresa. Godfrey Gibbs sat alone, looking suitably solemn. Beth Connolly was accompanied by a short, fair girl whom she introduced to Henry as Helen's secretary. The only other mourner was a stolidly built, motherly lady whom Henry had never seen before and who turned out to be Mrs. Sedge, the charlady who had "done" for Helen for the past ten years.

When the mournful rites were over, Gibbs suggested that they all go back to Brompton Square for tea. It was not a happy gathering. Only Mrs. Sedge appeared to be enjoying herself. She was not in the least overawed by her surroundings, and her frank appreciation of tea and cake was refreshing. It was also obvious that she had been fond of Helen, and mourned her sincerely.

"A lovely lady," she said to Henry, as she sipped tea. "A really lovely lady, and a pleasure to work for. So

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God."***

—Psalms 53:1.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Hobart—Edments, Charles Davis. Launceston—Edments, The Cleavers. Burnie—L. J. Stubbs. Deloraine—The Cleavers. Devonport—Luck Bros., River Don Trading Co. Moonah—Charles Davis. Penguin—L. J. Stubbs. Ulverstone—River Don Trading Co. Wynyard—River Don Trading Co.

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considerate. Mind you, everything had to be done proper. But what I always say is — you don't mind working hard if it's appreciated, do you?"

Henry murmured agreement and Mrs. Sedge went on, "That Miss Piper, now . . . Doesn't know the difference between clean and dirty, if you ask me. She wants me to stay on with her, but I really haven't made up my mind. It's not the same without Miss Helen."

"Still," said Henry, "I don't suppose you saw very much of either of them, did you? I mean, they were out at work all day—"

Mrs. Sedge looked at him pityingly. "That's not really the point. No, what I mean is, Miss Helen's room was always so neat and tidy, except that once, and then there was a reason."

Henry said, "Miss Helen sounds

Continued from page 54

MURDER A LA MODE

almost too good to be true. I'm rather glad to hear she left her room in a mess occasionally."

"Only the once," said Mrs. Sedge. She smiled reminiscently. "Yes, the only time I remember in ten years. About a month ago, it must have been. I opened the door — and you could have knocked me down with a feather. Things all over the place — papers and the like."

"Papers?" repeated Henry, interested.

"Well, when I say papers, I don't mean letters and things. Tissue-paper. But then I might have known."

"Known what?"

"That there'd be a good reason," said Mrs. Sedge. "For once, you see, I'd gone straight into Miss Helen's room instead of into the kitchen when I arrived. And when I did go into the kitchen, there was a little note from her asking me not to touch her room that day, as she was in the middle of packing her things to go away. That's what I mean by considerate."

"A little more tea, Mrs. Sedge?" Godfrey Gibbs appeared, charming and solicitous. Henry left him refilling Mrs. Sedge's cup, and went over to the other side of the room, where Michael Healy was talking to Beth Connolly.

Beth smiled at Henry and said, "It was nice of you to come along today, Inspector."

Michael gave Henry a cynical look. "All in the course of duty, I dare say, wasn't it, Inspector?"

There was an awkward silence, during which Henry began to sympathise with Horace Barry's view of Michael. Henry himself, knowing what he did, was prepared to make every allowance: but even so, he had to admit that the photographer was an expert in the art of insult. When Henry did not reply, he added, "Wouldn't it be much easier for everyone if you decided that Helen had committed suicide?"

"Yes," said Henry. "It would. It would also be untrue."

"How can you be sure?"

"I'm just clever enough," said Henry, "not to tell you that."

Soon after this the party began to break up. Henry was about to take his leave when Gibbs laid a hand on his arm and said quietly, "Please, Inspector. Do stay and have a drink. I'd like to talk to you."

In the elegant drawing-room, he put another log on the open fire and said, "I'll come straight to the point, Inspector. I want to know what progress you are making on the case. It's no use telling me that I have no right to ask, because I think I have. The longer it drags on the more unsettling the effects on my staff — and when people are unsettled they don't work well. You can understand why I'm concerned."

"Yes," said Henry. "I can."

"Frankly, I was disappointed at the outcome of the inquest. An adjournment prolongs the agony for everyone. It's perfectly clear that Helen killed herself. Can't you let it go at that?"

Henry said, "It's for the coroner's court to decide, Mr. Gibbs. I can't possibly anticipate their verdict."

"We all know," Gibbs said, "that the court will be influenced one way or the other by the police evidence. You can't hide behind the coroner's skirts, Inspector."

"I can assure you," said Henry, "that in a case like this, where there is an element of doubt, the verdict may well be a surprise to us all. We can only present the evidence as we see it."

"And how do you see it?"

"As you pointed out, Mr. Gibbs, you are in a very special position with regard to this case. I think that I am justified in taking you into my confidence—so long as you give me your word that nothing I say will go any further."

GIBBS looked pleased and nodded. "Of course. I understand that."

"You know, of course," Henry went on, "that Miss Field's suitcase, which was in Helen's office, was rifled at some time during the night?"

"Might not Helen herself have done it, before she —?"

"No," said Henry. "Helen collapsed over her typewriter, in the middle of typing a sentence; but the typewriter keys were covered with face-powder from a box out of Miss Field's suitcase. There was powder on every key, except those on which Helen's fingers were resting. This, together with the fact that Miss Field's key to the building has disappeared, makes it virtually certain that somebody returned to the office later on, after Helen was dead, and ransacked the suitcase."

"I am forced to agree with you, Inspector. Nevertheless, this by no means proves that Helen was murdered. Let us suppose that she committed suicide, and that later this mysterious person turned up and found her."

"And didn't raise the alarm?"

"They wouldn't have dared. They had no right to be there. They were bent on stealing something from the suitcase. Naturally, they were unnerved at finding a dead body in the room, which would explain the frantic haste with which the case was apparently rifled."

"That would sound convincing," said Henry, "if it weren't for the evidence of the fingerprints."

"What fingerprints?"

"The ones that weren't there. The flask had only Helen's prints on it, and the cyanide bottle had none at all. You see what that means?"

"That the person who poured out the cyanide was wearing gloves?"

"It's rather more complicated than that. We know that Ernest Jenkins, the darkroom boy, handled the flask earlier on, when he refilled it, so his prints would be on it—if it hadn't been wiped clean later on, after the cyanide was put in, and before Helen carried it along to her office. Then, Ernest also used the cyanide earlier in the evening, so his prints should have been on that bottle, too. If Helen had really poisoned herself, would she have taken the trouble to wipe the flask clean and then put her own prints on it, and would she have cleaned her prints off the cyanide bottle?"

To page 60

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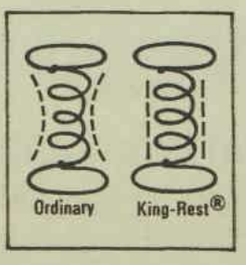

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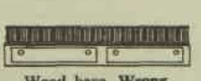

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

TREES FOR THE SMALL GARDEN

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Most gardens need trees; but many gardens are so small that even medium-sized trees tend to dwarf the surroundings.

PEOPLE often plant deodars, tall-growing eucalypts and other massive trees in pocket-handkerchief areas, oblivious of a future full of menace.

One outstanding example of this which comes to mind was the planting of five trees in an area less than 30ft. square. Each would grow about 40ft. with a spread of at least 30ft. The prospect was grim.

The choice of really good small trees is not very wide, but there is enough variety for most sites and tastes. Here are some suggestions.

FOR COOL MOUNTAIN AND HILLY DISTRICTS:

If you prefer a DECIDUOUS tree with its changing seasonal beauty of foliage you may consider the following:

Cercis canadensis (American Redbud). An attractive little tree, producing clusters of purplish-red flowers along the stems in spring.

Pistacia chinensis. The leaves change to lovely colors in the autumn. Red berries, turning blue, are borne on the female trees.

Crataegus oxyacantha (Hawthorn). A lovely small tree, available in double-flowering varieties in white, pink, red.

Another Hawthorn, **Cataegus lavallei,** is quite striking in autumn and early winter, being aglow with red berries.

Chionanthus retusa is rather slow growing but is worth waiting for, as it produces sprays of dainty white flowers in spring.

Acer palmatum (Japanese Maple) has attractively lobed leaves which color magnificently in the autumn. Often rather bushy in habit, it prefers a sheltered position.

Laburnum anagyroides is a spectacular little tree profusely covered with long, drooping racemes of bright yellow flowers in spring.

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If you are seeking an EVERGREEN tree, a choice can be made from:

Arbutus enedo (Irish Strawberry Tree), hardy, with handsome dark green foliage and creamy white flowers followed by orange or scarlet strawberry-like fruits.

Laurus nobilis (Sweet Bay) has handsome glossy green leaves which were used in olden times for crowning victors in games and wars. The tree makes a good, compact evergreen.

Some of the smaller-growing CONIFERS are also suitable:

Chamaecyparis obtusa crippsii, one of the best of the golden conifers.

Chamaecyparis pisifera plumosa has attractive smoky-blue feathery foliage.

TREES FOR WARM COASTAL AND TEMPERATE DISTRICTS:

EVERGEEN species include:

Bauhinia variegata (Butterfly Tree). A beautiful little tree for warm positions, fairly fast growing and with light purple flowers. A white-flowering variety is also available.

Backhousia citrodora, a native tree of good, dense shape with lemon-scented leaves. Clusters of creamy white or greenish flowers in spring.

Barklya syringifolia, another native tree, with rich dark green foliage and dense spikes of orange flowers.

Callistemon macropunctatus, a Bottlebrush. A hardy little tree of somewhat weeping habit. Scarlet flowers.

Meryta sinclairii, an uncommon New Zealand tree with a compact head, grown mainly for its foliage. Glossy leaves, 12in. long. Frost-free area.

Pittosporum rhombifolium, an attractive tree of good shape with striking clusters of bright orange berries in late summer and autumn. Sometimes it will grow into a larger tree, but is usually suitable for small gardens.

Cornus capitata (Himalayan Strawberry Tree or Evergreen Dogwood) has unusual flowers formed by large bracts resembling creamy-white petals. Red fruits are produced in late autumn and winter. It stands some frosts, but prefers a warm position.

Hakea salicifolia, a compact tree of good shape, with bronze-tinted young foliage and white flowers.

If you require a hardy tree for poor, sandy soils in exposed situations, you can choose either **Metrosideros excelsa,** the well-known New Zealand Christmas Tree, or **Melaleuca armillaris,** a native of good, dense growth.

If you want a DECIDUOUS tree, the flowering plums, **Prunus blieriana** and **Prunus cerasifera** can generally be relied upon for a delightful springtime display of flowers. The foliage is also attractive.

Cercis siliquastrum (Judas Tree) is very hardy and is covered with pink pea-shaped flowers in spring before the leaves appear.

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After a long pause, Gibbs said, "So that is to be the police evidence when the inquest is resumed?"

"That—among other things. I hope to have a great deal more evidence by then."

"Well," said Gibbs, "in that case I suppose we can only be patient."

A few minutes later Henry took his leave. It was a raw, bitter evening and Knightsbridge was totally devoid of taxis. He ended up by queuing for a bus and arrived home chilled to the marrow just as the telephone rang. Henry went to answer it.

"Inspector Tibbett? This is Lorna Gibbs. I'm sorry to bother you . . . I just wondered about that doctor in Hindhurst. My friend has been on to me again. Did you have any luck?"

Henry hesitated. "Yes and no," he said. "I found out who the doctor was, but he's a London man who happens to have a country house at Hindhurst. He works at the hospital there for a day each week, but I doubt if he would take on any private patients."

"Well . . . you never know. Could you give me his name, in any case."

"I really don't think there's any point, Mrs. Gibbs," said Henry. "You see, you told me that your friend was looking for a GP and this man is a specialist."

"Oh. Oh, I see. Well, never mind, it was just a thought." Lorna paused. "How did the funeral go?"

"It wasn't exactly gay," said Henry. "Not unnaturally. However, your husband was very kind and gave us all a delicious tea afterwards."

"I don't suppose he happened to mention whether he was coming down here this weekend, did he? I've been trying to ring him, but he's out."

"In that case," said Henry, "he's probably on his way to you. He told me he was coming down this evening."

"This evening? Oh, that's good. Well, I won't keep you any longer, Inspector. Good-bye."

HENRY had intended to take Sunday off, but he found he could not get the case out of his mind.

He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the unfinished letter that he had taken from Helen's desk. He re-read the note and then idly turned to the second piece of writing paper which had been pinned to the back of the first.

It was, as Henry admitted afterwards, one of the most uncanny experiences of his life and for a moment it took his breath away. For the sheet of paper which had been blank on Wednesday evening now had writing on it. Scrawled boldly across it, apparently in the same hand which had written the other note, were the words, "See what I mean?"

Instead of going directly to "Style" on Monday morning, Henry went to Scotland Yard, where he handed over Helen's note together with its mysterious addendum to the handwriting experts for analysis. He then telephoned "Style" and arranged to speak to Teresa later in the morning, after which he put through a call to Paris and had a long talk with one of his opposite numbers at the Surete, who also happened to be a personal friend. The French detective was much interested in what Henry had to say and promised to investigate the matter at his end. He also agreed to purchase a certain small object and put it in the post to London.

At ten minutes to eleven Henry was back at "Style." He went into the Fashion Room and said to Beth, "I have a favor to ask you. Can you get me a ticket for Nicholas Knight's Press Show tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course I can."

"And can you tell me the release date for this season's Paris photographs?"

"The twenty-seventh of February. That's when we . . ." Beth broke off as her secretary came up. "What is it, Marilyn?"

"Telephone, Miss Connolly."

"Hang on a moment, Inspector. I won't be long."

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MURDER A LA MODE

Beth picked up the telephone. "No, Nicholas . . . I told you before — I haven't the faintest idea where she is. She should have been here at ten for a job and she simply didn't turn up . . . Yes, I agree, I wouldn't have thought it of Veronica, but it only goes to show you never can tell . . . Of course I've telephoned her home . . . Nancy doesn't know, either . . . Yes, I will, if I hear anything. Goodbye."

A cold hand was closing on Henry's heart. When Beth rang off, he said, "Can you come next door and talk, Beth?"

Beth looked slightly desperate. "Oh, dear," she said. "Will it take long?"

"Only a minute, I promise."

As soon as the door of Henry's office was closed, he said, "What's all this about Veronica?"

"I suppose she's decided to stay down in the country. She told me she was going to Hampshire for the weekend."

"She was going to stay with Nancy and her parents," said Henry. "I gather from what you said just now that Nancy is back."

Beth gave him a curious look, and then said, "I really wouldn't worry, Inspector. Nicholas is having hysterics because she was due there for final fittings, and it's his show tomorrow, but I'm sure Veronica's perfectly all right."

"I expect she's just playing truant," agreed Henry, "but I think I'll have a word with Nancy all the same."

Nancy Blake answered the telephone in her deliciously husky voice. "No, she's not here . . Who is it? . . . Oh, Inspector Tibbett, how are you? . . . She went off on Saturday morning to stay with friends in the country . . . No, she didn't say where . . . All I can tell you is that she took a taxi from here on Saturday morning . . . What? Let me think . . . Yes, she was wearing her oatmeal tweed suit with a white sweater, and her bright red suede coat . . . no hat . . . Yes, she had her navy-blue leather suitcase with her . . . Yes, of course, I'll let you know . . ."

Henry rang off in an extremely troubled frame of mind. He telephoned the Fashion Room and left a message that he would be late for his interview with Miss Masters. He then rang Donald MacKay and told him brusquely to come to the office at once.

Donald looked distinctly apprehensive when he came in. Henry assumed a suitably intimidating expression. "Well, Mr. MacKay. What is all this I hear about you and Veronica?"

Donald went very red, and said, "I'm afraid I don't understand, sir . . ."

"Oh, yes, you do. Where is she?"

"I've no idea . . . I mean, isn't she at home?"

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MURDER A LA MODE

Continued from page 60

"She's missing," said Henry. "It may be very serious indeed. If you know where she is, or where she spent the weekend, you must tell me at once. She told me she was going out with you on Friday evening."

"We had a date to go to the movies, but I had to cancel it. My mother was taken ill suddenly . . . my father rang me at lunchtime, and I got away early from the office and went straight down there. I didn't get back till last night. She's better now . . . my mother, I mean."

"Did Veronica tell you where she was proposing to spend the weekend?"

"No. I didn't see her. I telephoned her to let her know I couldn't take her out in the evening, and that was all."

At that moment, the telephone rang again. "Inspector Tibbett? This is Nancy again. You may as well call off your hunt for Veronica. Because I know where she is. She's at the White Hart Hotel in Porchester, with Donald MacKay," said Nancy.

"But . . ." For a moment Henry could find no words. Then he said, "How do you know?"

"Well, actually," said Nancy, "I've known all along. I didn't know what to say when you rang, so I called Beth — she knew about it, too, you see — and she said she'd been wondering whether to tell you or not, and eventually we decided that we'd better."

WITH a sigh Henry said, "One of the things I don't understand is how Donald MacKay contrived to be at the White Hart in Porchester and in his parents' home in Essex at one and the same time."

"Well, you see," said Nancy, "she got this telegram . . ."

"What telegram?"

"I'd better start at the beginning. I was out at a party on Friday evening, and when I got in she told me that she and Donald had arranged to go to Porchester for the weekend, and that he'd telephoned to say that the whole thing was off, because his mother was ill and he had to go down to Essex to see her. But then on Saturday morning, first thing, a telegram came. Shall I get it and read it to you?"

"Yes, please do," said Henry.

She read, "'Mother better can get away Saturday meet me 11.18 Porchester train Waterloo love kisses Donald'."

Henry said, "Where was that handed in?"

"That's funny. It was handed in at 8.14 on Friday evening — in London."

"Nancy," said Henry, "will you be a dear girl and get into a taxi straight away and bring that telegram to me here, at 'Style'?"

He rang off and turned to Donald. "I won't tell you for the moment what I think of you," he said. "That can wait. Meanwhile, did you send Veronica a telegram on Friday night?"

"No. Certainly not."

"Who else knew about your mother being ill?"

"Everybody in the office, I should think. Father rang me here, and I asked Mr. Walsh if I could leave early to catch the 4.40 from Liverpool Street. He said I'd have to ask Miss French, which I did. And I went down to the Fashion Room with some layouts and mentioned it in there. Beth was out, but everyone else must have known."

"And how many people," Henry went on, "knew of your original plan to take Veronica to Porchester for the weekend?"

"I'm afraid most people did . . . you know Ronnie. Can't keep anything to herself. She was chattering about it all over the office."

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Singapore

MURDER A LA MODE

Continued from page 61

"I see," said Henry, unamused.

When Donald had gone, Henry plunged thankfully into a whirl of activity, setting into motion a search for the missing Veronica.

When he felt that he had done all he could, Henry turned to his long-postponed talk with Teresa Masters.

Without preambles, Henry said, "Miss Masters, what happened to the small parcel that Helen Pankhurst asked you to bring back from Paris?"

Teresa looked taken aback. "Goodness," she said. "I'd forgotten clean about it. That's how vague I am. You know what it was?"

"Yes," said Henry. He told her. "It's possible," said Henry, "that it cost Helen her life. If things happened as I think they did. Where is it now?"

"In my . . . no, by heaven, it's not. How very odd. I'm certain I packed it, but now I come to think of it, when I unpacked my case on Wednesday, it wasn't there."

"It wasn't there," said Henry, "because Helen took it."

"Helen? Then where is it now?"

"My guess is that it doesn't exist any longer," said Henry. "Anyhow, never mind that for the moment. I just wanted to check with you to see if my assumptions were right. Now tell me something else. What are the mysterious rumors which are going round about Nicholas Knight pirating Paris designs."

"Oh, that." Teresa seemed to relax a little. "That's just rag-trade gossip. It wouldn't interest you."

"But it does."

"Well — the simple truth is that Nicholas has an astonishing flair for re-creating a Paris line just by looking at a photograph of the model. He's not cheap, but his prices are nothing like as expensive as going to Dior or Monnier for the original: so lots of women get Nicholas to do them what he calls his 'Paris specials,' which cost considerably more than a dress from his ordinary Collection. He won't do them for everyone, just for favored customers."

"Does he make a secret of it?" Henry asked.

Teresa smiled. "He doesn't," she said, "but his clients do. Naturally, they want people to think they've been buying in Paris instead of getting a cut-price copy. In fact we only heard of it quite recently here at 'Style.' When rumors started going round, people began saying that the copies were so good that they must be made from original toiles. I think that's nonsense. What I think Nicholas does do is to get hold of photographs illicitly, ahead of the release date — but that's not a deadly sin. Anyhow, there have been a few awkward moments when women who'd bought the original model found themselves face to face with a Knight copy."

"Oh, well," Henry said, "I suppose the truth will come out one day. It's just one thread in a complicated story. By the way, what was your room number at the Crillon? I think I'll just check up with them in case you did leave that little parcel there."

"I'm sure I . . . " Teresa began. Then her face lit up. "I know who might remember!"

"Who?"

"Veronica Spence. You see, I was very hectic on the last day, so she went out and bought it for me. Perhaps she has it still."

"I sincerely hope," said Henry, "that you're wrong."

He left Teresa looking bewildered, and made his way to the Art Department, where Patrick was sitting and doodling on his blotter.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" he asked.

"I suppose so," said Patrick heavily. He pushed back his chair. "This place gives me claustrophobia. I know a dirty little pub round the back," said Patrick, brightening a little.

The pub was comfortable and deserted. Patrick ordered a large whisky, and Henry a tomato juice.

"What did you want with me," Patrick asked.

"Why haven't you told me," said Henry, "what you and Helen knew about smuggling designs out of Paris?"

Patrick looked considerably taken aback. "Well, for a start," he said, "I didn't tell you because I didn't know anything about it myself. Helen came to me and asked me to get her certain things, and to try some experiments. I didn't know what for. It was only later on that I realised how they might be used . . . and then, of course, I kept my mouth shut."

"Why?"

"You think I'd incriminate her, after she's dead? Of course not. And besides it wasn't really Helen's idea, you see. She was working on it for somebody else."

"And who was that?"

"X," said Patrick.

. . . . .

When Henry got back to "Style," he found a message telling him to ring Scotland Yard.

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MURDER A LA MODE

It appeared that reports were beginning to come in. The telegram had been sent from Charing Cross Road Post Office. The counter clerk was positive about one thing — it had been handed in by a woman all muffled up in a mackintosh and a big scarf and her hat pulled down over her eyes, and she'd spoken in a funny sort of whisper. She told him she had a terrible cold. Her hands were beautiful, with long fingernails painted red, and the one thing he had taken a good look at as she went out were her legs, and they were smashing.

The taxi-driver had been traced, and confirmed that he picked Veronica up in Victoria Grove and dropped her at Waterloo. Of course he remembered. Wouldn't be likely to forget a pretty girl like that, with her bright red coat and that funny brown lipstick. She'd told him she was going to Porchester for the weekend with her boyfriend. The last he'd seen of her was going into the station toward the trains.

On the other hand, the ticket collector at number ten platform was quite certain that she had not boarded the Porchester train. It seemed, in fact, that between the entrance to Waterloo Station and the barrier of number ten platform, Veronica Spence had vanished into thin air.

There was one other piece of information awaiting Henry. The handwriting experts had made a careful examination of Helen's letter, and gave it as their unanimous opinion that both sheets had been written by the same hand.

THE first sign of something genuinely interesting came in the form of a telephone call at about 7 p.m. This was from a Mrs. Trant, of Surbiton. This good lady was quite positive that she had seen Veronica in the ladies' cloakroom at Waterloo a few minutes past eleven o'clock on Saturday morning.

"I noticed her because she was so pretty, even with that funny new-fashioned lipstick, and then there was her bright red coat. I'm convinced it was her. We went into adjoining conveniences. When I came out, there was no sign of her. The door was still marked 'Engaged,' so I presume she was still in there. I had to hurry off for my train. I didn't see her again."

A detective was sent to interview the ladies' cloakroom attendant, a Mrs. O'Reilly.

"Shure, an' I saw the young lady," she said. "It's the one in the red leather coat you'll be meanin'. She had a suitcase with her, that I do remember."

"Did you see her leave?"

"Now, it's funny, isn't it, but I didn't. She must have slipped out while I was attending to some other lady."

There seemed little more that Mrs. O'Reilly could contribute, except that she recollected that Veronica had used the last cubicle on the left as you go in. The cloakroom was immediately cordoned off.

There was nothing remarkable about the particular cubicle which Veronica had used. In the rubbish rack on the back of the door was an assortment of used face tissues. These were solemnly sorted out and inspected one by one. Suddenly Henry said, "That was Veronica's." It was liberally smudged with the strange shade of sepia-brown lipstick which he had seen Veronica wearing at the "Style" studio.

Back at Scotland Yard, Henry checked once more through the statements which he had taken during the afternoon. It was vital to establish the exact whereabouts at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning of all the people who knew Donald and Veronica's plans. He opened his notebook and made two lists of names — those with alibis and those without.

Donald MacKay's movements were satisfactorily accounted for. Beth Connolly had been at her hairdresser's from ten-thirty until midday, and had then gone straight onto lunch with a girlfriend.

Teresa and Michael provided alibis for each other, which was less satisfactory. They had been at home, they said.

The last two on the list seemed quite straightforward. Nicholas Knight and Horace Barry. It appeared that Nicholas had worked in the atelier from ten in the morning until five in the evening, sending out for a sandwich lunch: a dozen of his staff could confirm this. While Horace Barry had been weekending with friends in Brighton since Friday evening.

The other list started with Rachel Field, who said that she had spent Saturday morning shopping for weekend provisions in Kensington High Street. The only shops which she could recall visiting were all large supermarkets, and Henry, thinking of the Saturday morning crowds, was not surprised that none of the staff remembered her.

The next name was Patrick's. He had been at home, he said, painting. Apart from opening the door to the postman, who had delivered a parcel at about half-past nine, he had seen nobody. Margery French's account of her movements was equally inconclusive. She told Henry that she had taken a lot of work home and spent the morning writing copy. Olwen Piper had given a thoroughly unsatisfactory account of herself. She had started the morning, she said, by packing up Helen's clothes, but this sad task, together with the thought of the funeral in the afternoon, had preyed

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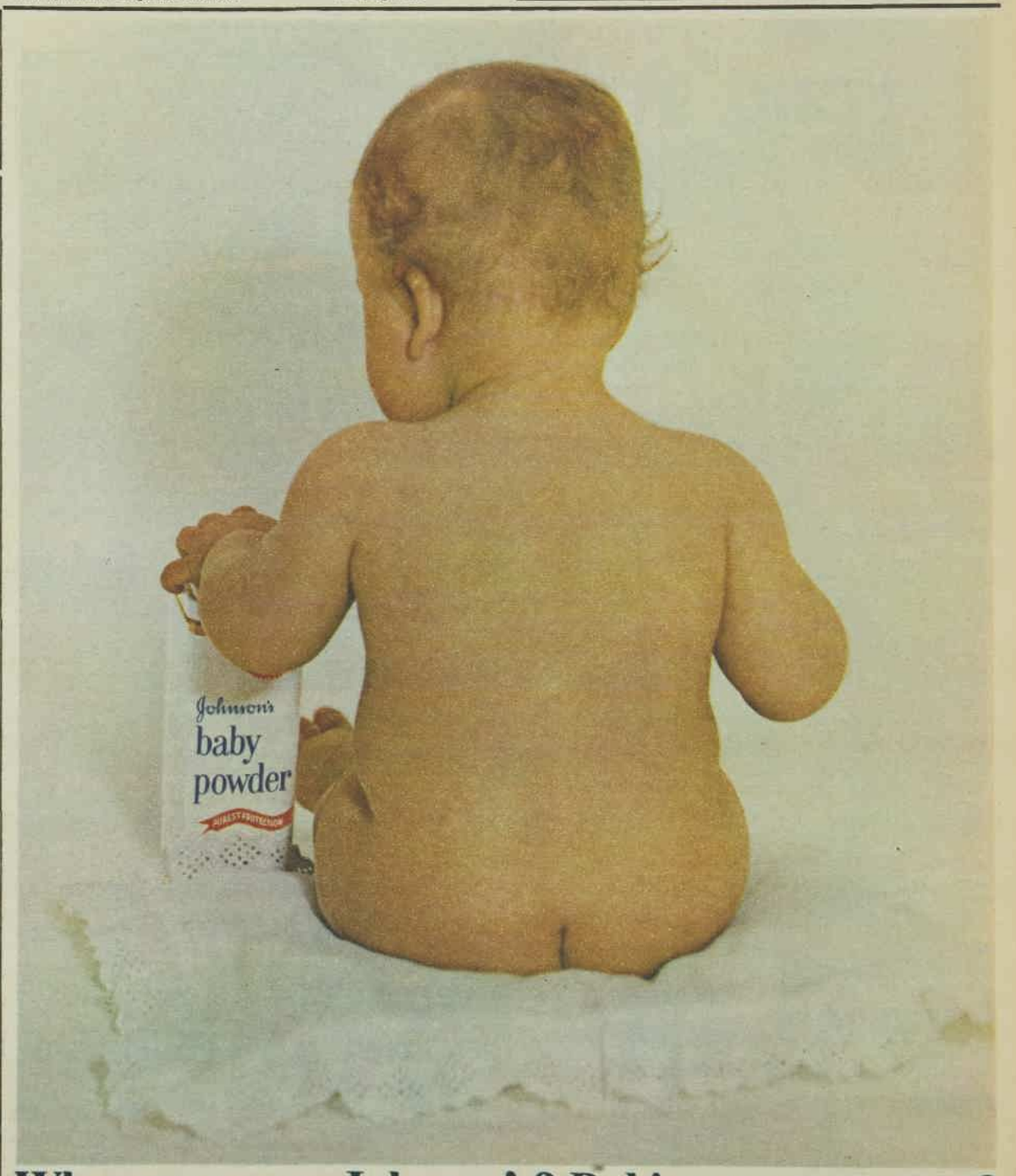

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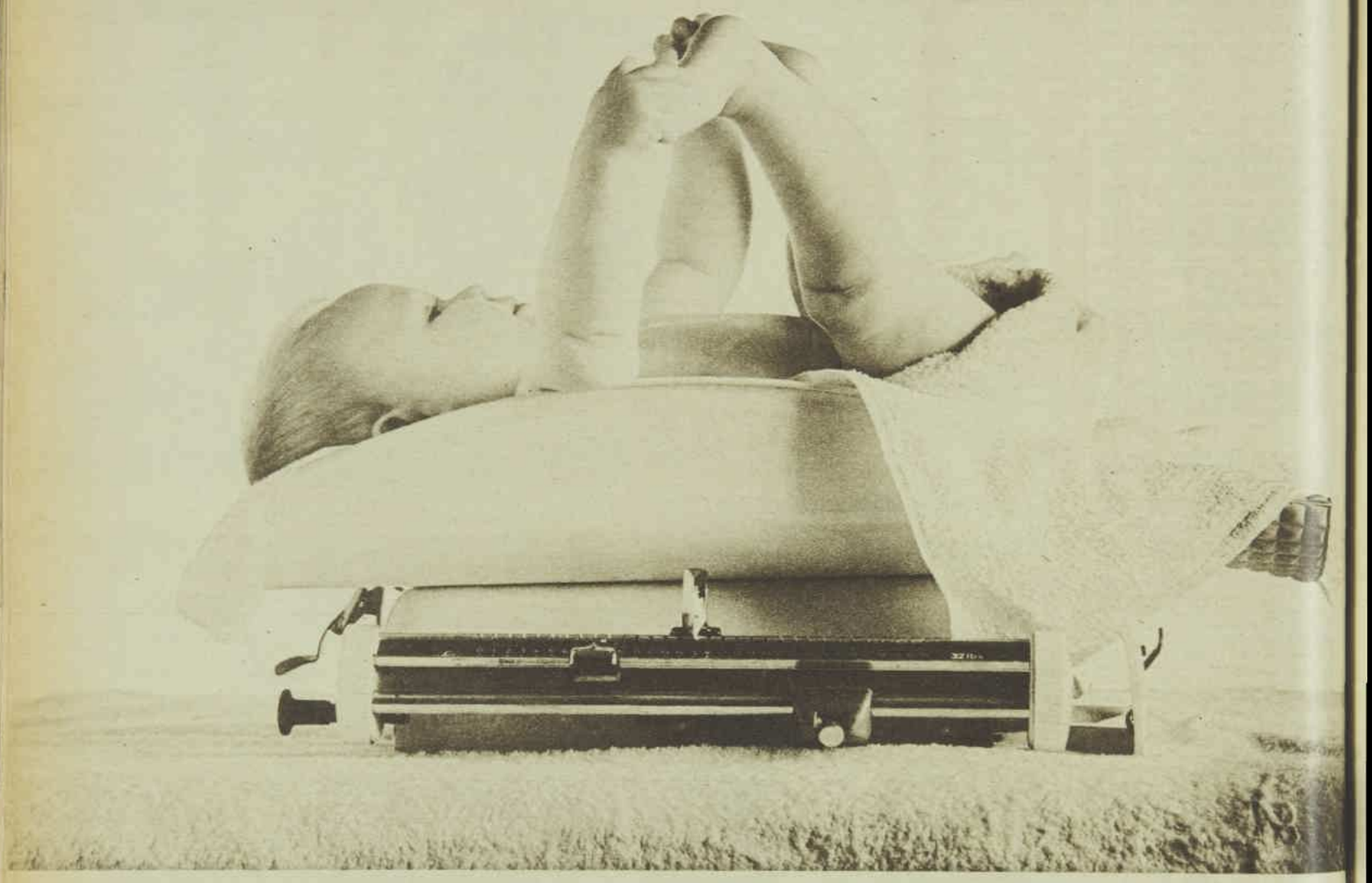

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MURDER A LA MODE

on her mind to such an extent that she decided to resort to her usual remedy of aimless walking. Mrs. Sedge, who had been working at the flat, confirmed that Olwen had left at half-past ten, and had not returned when she, Mrs. Sedge, went home at noon.

The last name on Henry's non-alibi list was that of Godfrey Gibbs. Although the latter denied categorically that he had ever even heard of Veronica Spence, Henry reflected that he had been in the office on Friday, and should be checked. Gibbs said that he had spent the morning at the office, working. Nobody else was there—the place was deserted. He had, however, lunched as usual at The Orangery.

Henry studied his two lists carefully. Then, on the second one, he put a small cross by the names of Patrick, Margery, and Gibbs. This was to indicate the people who owned cars.

Then he settled down to think, with great concentration. He thought about Veronica, and the things she had said, and the soiled face tissue. He thought about the members of "Style's" staff, and about the missing key and Nicholas Knight and Horace Barry, and the package that Teresa had brought back from Paris. Above all, he thought about Donald MacKay.

At a quarter to ten, he telephoned Donald's home number, and was told by the landlady that Mr. MacKay had been out since six, and she couldn't say where he was or when he would be back. Henry put on his raincoat and took a bus to Piccadilly. From there, he walked to Earl Street.

It was raining hard, and a cold wind blew up the narrow street, tossing stray pieces of sodden paper ahead of it. The "Style" building was dark and apparently deserted. Only The Orangery was warmly lit and inviting, but the commissionaire had wisely decided to take shelter inside.

The only human being in sight was the man with the basket of roses, who kept his lonely vigil on the pavement. From Nicholas Knight's atelier, two floors above, a light streamed out through uncurtained windows.

Henry walked up to the rose-seller. "How much for half a dozen?"

THE man's shabby raincoat was pulled up almost to his nose against the cold, nearly meeting the checked cap which he wore well down over his eyes. "Ten bob, guv-nor," he said gruffly.

"I think," said Henry, "that it's time we had a talk, Mr. MacKay."

Before Henry knew what was happening, the man had picked up the basket of roses and flung it in Henry's face. By the time he recovered, the street was empty. Henry ran to the telephone box behind the "Style" building and put through a call to Scotland Yard.

"No," he said, "I don't want him arrested. Not yet. I want him picked up and followed. And you'd better alert the Essex police and tell them to look for . . ."

First thing in the morning, Henry was at Scotland Yard. He put through a number of telephone calls, both to London and the country. He also gave certain instructions to his subordinates, and despatched a plainclothesman to Somerset House to make some researches among the records there. He was pleased to find that a small parcel had arrived for him by express mail from Paris. He slipped it into his raincoat pocket. Then he went back to Wimpole Street, where he had a short, friendly talk with Sir James Braithwaite.

After this he made his way to the offices of "Style." Here, he first had a private talk with Margery French, and asked her if certain things could be arranged.

"It's not usual, Inspector, but I can fix it for you," she said, with her customary air of smooth competence.

Next, Henry went and spoke to Michael Healy. It was not an interview that he enjoyed, but it had to be done. After that, steeling himself, he had a long and painful talk with Teresa. Her distress was obvious, but Henry realised that, as he had guessed, she was not entirely surprised by what he had to say. He gave her what reassurance he could, and finally went off into the Fashion Room to pick up from Beth Connolly the heavily embossed card which invited Chief Inspector Tibbett to be present at the Press showing of Nicholas Knight's Spring Collection that afternoon.

Then, feeling in need of solace, he went and took a cup of coffee in one of the restaurants in the neighborhood, where he fell into pleasant conversation with a blonde sitting on the next stool. It was in a more cheerful frame of mind that he went back to the Yard.

He was gratified to be told that the result of the investigation at Somerset House was exactly what he had predicted — for it had been a long shot, deduced from frail evidence. Strengthened now in his conviction that he had solved the case correctly, he began to look forward to the afternoon with almost pleasurable excitement. It was at this point that an urgent call came through from the Essex police.

. . . . .

When Henry reached Nicholas Knight's salon, the "Style" team were already assembled there, although it was some time before the show was scheduled to start. A few other journalists and photographers sat on their tiny, uncomfortable chairs or stood in gossiping groups: but "Style" was in the majority, clustered together, as if in self-defence, at the far end of the long black and white salon.

Henry paused at the head of the stairs, looking in through the open doorway. His interest was centred on the contingent from "Style." They had turned out in force, and most of them looked nervous and unhappy.

As usual, Margery French appeared to be the most composed of the group. Teresa, not surprisingly, looked wretched and sat by herself, a little away from the others. Henry saw Beth go up to her and say something. Teresa managed a small smile, and then went on doodling aimlessly on the back of her programme.

A little farther down the room, Henry spotted an incongruous couple talking earnestly together — Rachel Field and Horace Barry.

As Henry still hesitated on the threshold, he heard a cheerful booming of masculine voices on the stairs behind

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him, and turned to see Patrick Walsh coming up with Michael Healy.

Patrick went up to the blonde, who was acting as doorkeeper. "Now, me darlin', we've no invitation cards and we're not pretending we have . . ."

The blonde simpered delightedly. "Oh, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Healy . . . we'd have sent you cards if we'd dreamt you'd be able to come—"

"You're new since I was here last," said Michael. He sounded slightly tipsy. "I must say Nicholas has surprisingly good taste in girls. What's your name?"

"Elvira, Mr. Healy."

The two men went in. Henry decided that the moment had come to make his own entrance. He was not looking forward to it. He approached the blonde, who gave him a warm smile of recognition.

Continued from page 65

MURDER A LA MODE

"Ah, Inspector Tibbett . . . Miss Connolly telephoned . . . everything is in order . . . you're over there in the corner, with the 'Style' people."

Margery broke off a conversation with Patrick to turn to Henry and say, "Ah, there you are, Inspector. You're developing quite an interest in fashion, I see."

"Miss French — I'm afraid I have some very bad news. I think it's only fair to tell you people about it straight away, before the official announcement. Veronica Spence has been found."

"Found? Alive?"

"No," said Henry.

There was a moment of terrible silence and then everybody started asking questions at once. Henry held up his hand and said, "Please. I'll tell you all I know, but it's not much. I got the message at lunch-time and I've had no time to investigate. As most of you know, this is especially painful for me, because Veronica was my niece."

There were murmurs of sympathy. The whole room was listening eagerly now and Nicholas Knight himself came running through the black curtains and down the ramp to join the group which clustered round Henry.

"She was found hidden under a haystack near Hockton, in Essex. She had been strangled. They think she was doped first, so that she wouldn't put up any resistance."

"Essex?" It was Nicholas Knight who spoke. "Whatever was she doing there?"

"The spot where she was found," said Henry, "is only a few miles from the home of Donald MacKay's parents."

"Donald . . ." Patrick began and then stopped short. "Look here, Inspector . . . he spent the week-end down there. And he didn't turn up at the office this morning. I thought he must be ill. Have you got him?"

"Not yet," said Henry, "but we're close behind him."

"But how . . . how did he manage it?" Teresa asked.

"I've decided," said Henry, "that since you have all been through the very unpleasant experience of being under suspicion, I owe it to you to tell you exactly our reconstruction of the case. Veronica's murder was only too simple to arrange. As many of you know, Donald had arranged to take her to Porchester for the weekend, but he had to cancel it because of his mother's illness. That was perfectly genuine and at first it must have seemed to him that all his plans had been upset: but then he realised how he could carry them out with even less risk to himself.

"He went to Hockton on Friday evening, all right, but he slipped out of the house after his parents were asleep and drove back to London in a hired car. Meanwhile, he had arranged for a female accomplice to send a telegram to Veronica purporting to come from him, telling her that he could get away after all and arranging a rendezvous at Waterloo.

"Veronica turned up at the rendezvous," said Henry, "where Donald met her with the news that he had a car and would drive her to Porchester. Once out of the station, I imagine he suggested a coffee and slipped the dope into her cup. He then hustled her quickly back into the car, where she soon became unconscious. He drove quickly to this remote spot in Essex, strangled her, and hid her. He went on to the village pub, where he played darts, and then went back to his parents' home for lunch. He had told them the night before that he intended to get up early and go for a long walk, and they, in all good faith, told the police that he had done so. They were also speaking the plain, unvarnished truth when they said that he had spent the whole weekend with them. They really believed he had."

"Are we to assume that Donald MacKay also killed Helen?" Michael asked.

"That would seem the inevitable conclusion, Mr. Healy."

HORACE BARRY spoke for the first time. "But for why this MacKay kill first Miss Helen and then Miss Veronica?"

"That," said Henry, "is the crux of the matter. He was clever—almost too clever for me. He himself suggested that certain things I had been told about Helen were a smokescreen to hide another story, another man. I was far too slow in tumbling to the fact that the other man was Donald himself. He had fallen in love with Helen and she had told him that she loved someone else. Sooner than lose her he killed her.

"I should have guessed that a man who would think up the ingenious idea that one supposed flirtation was being used as a smoke-screen for another would probably be basing the idea on something in his own life. And so it was. Donald was flirting with Veronica purely as a cover to hide his passion for Helen. Now Veronica was a bright girl and she had worked out certain facts about Helen's murder without carrying them to their logical conclusion, which would have given her the murderer's identity. She was foolish enough, in spite of all my warnings, to confide her theories to Donald — and in doing so she signed her own death warrant."

"What had she found out?" Surprisingly, it was Rachel Field who spoke. "And what about my suitcase?"

"I can't go into all that now," said Henry. "It'll all come out at the trial. Now I think we should get on with the show."

The blonde receptionist, assisted by several minions, pulled the heavy black curtains, shutting out the daylight, and turned powerful spotlights toward the ramp.

The audience, still somewhat stunned by what they had heard, took their seats and soft music began to play through concealed loudspeakers. The big double doors to the corridor were closed, and the blonde mounted to the apron stage and stationed herself under a convenient pink spotlight. She held a paper in her hands.

"Number One," she announced. "'Park Lane'."

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MURDER A LA MODE

Continued from page 66

All round the room notebooks were opened and pencils flashed. Work had started again and the tragedy of Veronica Spence was already retreating into the background of consciousness.

"Number Two. 'Lilac Time.'"

A girl slipped gracefully through the curtains and revolved elegantly in a lilac velvet three-piece with an enormous white hat.

"Number Three. 'Burnt Sugar.'"

The show was under way. Henry watched with fascination, despite himself, as suits and topcoats gave way to spring dresses of various degrees of formality. It was obviously a successful show. Subtly the atmosphere warmed. The applause became more frequent. Tiny, appreciative whispers ran round the room. Nicholas Knight, in the opinion of the experts, had pulled it off at last. He had arrived.

They had reached the evening dresses by now and the programme was nearing its end and the lights were dimmed for the entrance of the last model — the traditional finale, the wedding dress.

"Number Seventy - five. 'Sweet Mystery.'"

From behind the black satin curtains, illuminated by a single spotlight, stepped a model in what appeared to be a floating cloud of ethereal white. On her head she wore a coronet of artificial orange blossom, which secured the long tulle veil covering her face. There was a strong burst of applause.

The girl seemed to float rather than to walk down the ramp. Then she paused and with a sudden gesture threw back the veil to reveal her face. It was Veronica . . .

For a moment there was a terrible silence in the salon, broken only by the relentless strains of the "Wedding March." In the half-light Veronica glided toward the far end of the ramp.

Suddenly, horribly, somebody began to scream. "Don't come near me! . . . Go away! . . . Take her away! She's dead . . . I tell you, she's dead!"

Henry jumped up and pulled back one of the curtains, flooding the room with daylight.

It was Nicholas Knight who had screamed. He sat now with his face buried in his hands, as if trying to ward off the sight of Veronica, who was moving inexorably toward him. As she stepped gracefully down from the ramp and approached the "Style" group, Nicholas shrank back as though overcome by superstitious terror.

It was not to him that Veronica addressed herself, however. It was to his next-door neighbor, Teresa Masters. From the protective camouflage of her bouquet she brought out a small bottle of colorless fluid: this she proffered to Teresa.

"I came back to give you this, Miss Masters," she said. "It's what Miss Pankhurst asked you to bring from Paris. Of course, Miss Field is the person who can tell you all about it. She was telling me while I was helping her to pack at the Crillon."

NOBODY except Henry was prepared for what happened next. Nicholas Knight jumped to his feet and flung himself at Rachel Field in a paroxysm of hysterical fury.

"You lying cheat! Making me think you'd killed her . . . and all the time you were working with them . . . you double-crossed me . . . you . . ." Choking with rage he turned to Henry. "There's your murderess! There's the woman who killed Helen Pankhurst! I can prove it! I can—"

Rachel Field stood up. She was perfectly calm and she looked at Nicholas with infinite contempt mingled with a strange sort of exasperated affection. "You poor little fool, Nicky," she said. "Didn't you realise from the beginning that it was only a trick to catch us?"

Before Nicholas could reply, the doors from the corridor opened and the salon was suddenly full of dark blue uniforms. Henry said, "Rachel Field and Nicholas Field, otherwise Nicholas Knight, I arrest you both for the wilful murder of Helen Pankhurst. I must warn you that anything you say will be —"

The rest of the sentence was lost in uproar. Rachel had turned on Henry like a tigress. "It was me!" she screamed. "Leave Nicky alone! He had nothing to do with it! It was me . . ." It took two policewomen to drag her away. As for Nicholas, he was weeping hysterically as they led him downstairs to the waiting police car.

"Oh, Uncle Henry, how horrible!" cried Veronica, her

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MURDER A LA MODE

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composure suddenly shattered. She flung her arms round Henry's neck and burst into a flood of tears.

It was at that moment that Donald MacKay came diffidently through the curtains from the atelier. Gently, Henry disengaged his niece and said to Donald. "I think," he said with a grin, "that you can probably do more good than I can. I should let her have a good cry and then buy her a stiff drink."

Henry turned to Michael and Teresa, who were sitting holding hands in stunned silence. "You two can go home now," he said. "You've got nothing more to worry about."

"But . . ." Teresa began.

"Oh, I was forgetting. Elvira has something for you."

The blonde sauntered up, unconcerned and smiling. She had in her hands a large envelope marked "Photographs, with care."

"Elvira thinks they're all there," said Henry. He handed the envelope to Michael. "Now, if Miss French agrees, I think you should go home for the rest of today. You've got a lot to talk about."

Teresa stood up. "I don't know how to thank you," she said to Henry. "Come on, Mike. Home." Unprotesting, Michael followed her.

Henry, feeling very selfconscious, climbed on to the rostrum. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I can't apologise enough for putting you through such a harassing afternoon. I can only ask you to believe me that it was the only way of bringing two criminals to justice. I don't have to tell you that the case I outlined against Mr. MacKay was pure fiction. He is not only completely innocent but he has helped us a great deal. As have other members of the staff of 'Style' "—he grinned at Margery — "not to mention my friend Elvira, who has been a tower of strength for no more reward than a cup of coffee."

Elvira simpered. "Delighted, I'm sure, Inspector," she said.

It was after ten o'clock that night when Henry eventually got home, but he found the flat ablaze with light and merrymaking. Emmy was dispensing drinks in celebration of a double occasion — Veronica's return from the dead and the announcement of her engagement to Donald MacKay.

"Henry," said Emmy, "I think you had better explain. Ronnie keeps babbling about Paris toiles and invisible ink and horn-rimmed spectacles and I can't make head nor tail of it."

Henry took a drink, sat down, and said. "It's difficult to know where to begin. I suppose the right place is Helen's love affair with Godfrey Gibbs."

"With . . . with Mr. Gibbs?" Veronica sat bolt upright, her big eyes round with amazement. "But I thought it was Michael—"

"So did most people," said Henry, "except the people who really mattered. I very soon realised that there was some sort of conspiracy between Margery French, Teresa, Gibbs, Michael himself, and possibly Patrick to pull the wool over my eyes."

"I thought all along it might be Gibbs," said Donald.

"Actually, it was the most obvious solution," said Henry. "They had been in love for some time in fact. He found in her everything that his wife lacked — business sense, efficiency, tidiness, intelligence. There was one thing, however, that Lorna Gibbs had which Helen hadn't, and that was money. Of course, it was her fortune which had been poured into 'Style,' although she didn't appear officially on the list of shareholders. Gibbs did not dare leave her. More, she is a fiery and jealous woman and adores him. He did not dare risk her finding out that he was emotionally involved with a member of his staff.

"I think I ought to say in fairness that both Helen and Gibbs behaved perfectly honorably. They had no *affaire* in the ordinary sense of the word. They loved each other deeply and hoped to marry when Gibbs felt that the magazine was stable enough financially. Meanwhile, Gibbs spent the week in London — and some weekends as well, according to Lorna — and he and Helen spent most evenings together at his town house."

HENRY smiled. "Everything was fine until Olwen Piper came to share Helen's flat. I was surprised at first that Helen should have consented to such an arrangement until I remembered that Gibbs had been on a prolonged trip to America when Olwen moved in, and that it was only supposed to be a temporary arrangement.

"However, when Gibbs returned Olwen was firmly established and Helen was too soft-hearted to throw her out. Helen realised she would have to think up some story to account for her frequent evenings out. She and Gibbs talked it over and appealed to Michael and Teresa. I may say that Gibbs is an old friend of Teresa and her family and they were the only people who knew about the *affaire*.

"Michael and Teresa agreed quite cheerfully that Helen should use them as an excuse — say she was going to dinner there, and so on. What nobody reckoned on was that Olwen would develop a sort of schoolgirl crush on Helen and grow violently jealous of the Healys. When she accidentally found out the truth — that Helen had not been there to dinner as she said — she jumped to the conclusion that Helen and Michael were lovers and tried to put a stop to it by circulating wild rumors. This put the Healys, Helen, and Gibbs all in awkward positions — but they decided to laugh it off.

"But then something serious happened. A couple of months ago Gibbs began to get worried about his health. He told Helen about it, but refused to go to his doctor, because he did not want Lorna to get wind of it and start fussing. Helen, who had a shrewder notion than he of what the trouble might be, at last persuaded him to go to a cancer specialist. They visited him together, calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dodgson."

"Gosh, you are clever, Uncle Henry," said Veronica. "How did you find all this out?"

"By tracking down the doctor," said Henry, "who told me his diagnosis. Gibbs is dying of cancer, and has less than a year to live. At Helen's request the doctor told her the whole truth, but to Gibbs he merely said that he had a stomach ulcer and should go on a diet."

"But how did you find out that it was Mr. Gibbs?"

"I admit," said Henry, "I first thought it was Michael, but when a lot of people start to ram a certain fact down my throat I get suspicious. And Donald confirmed my suspicions by pointing out that the whole thing was phony. Of course, when Helen was killed, it became doubly important to keep Gibbs away from any sort of scandal, so the ranks of the conspirators closed up. It wasn't very pleasant for Michael to be thrown to the wolves, but it was better than having the

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magazine fold up. But what really made me think was Michael's reaction when I told him that Helen was pregnant."

"Pregnant! Was she?"

"No," said Henry, "but at the time I thought she was. I put it to Michael, and he was completely shattered. He had always believed, correctly, that Helen and Gibbs were not lovers in the technical sense; but when I produced this bombshell and accused him of being the father — what could he do? He was committed to his story and he had to stick to it. He admitted the whole thing. Then I found out that Helen was a virgin.

"The only possible reason for Michael's behaviour was that he was covering up for somebody. But who? The answer was simple as soon as I heard that the doctor had put 'Mr. Dodgson' on a diet for a stomach ulcer. As you know, that means light food and no alcohol. The only person who adhered rigidly to such a diet was Gibbs. He also qualified by having a rich wife. What was more, when Helen died, he was extremely upset and rattled, and he went out of his way to warn me not to believe anything Michael might say."

"I feel terribly sorry for Mr. Gibbs," said Veronica seriously. "What will happen to him now?"

"His wife," said Henry, "is neither as scatterbrained nor insensitive as people imagine and she's devoted to him. She, too, was worried about his health and, in spite of all his precautions, she had more than a suspicion about his affaire with Helen. As soon as I mentioned a doctor to her she did her best to get his name out of me. When she was persistent about it I gave her enough clues to find the name if she really wanted to and I warned the doctor he might hear from her.

"Sure enough she ferreted him out and told him who she was. Sir James says that she was extraordinarily brave and sensible. She's going to take her husband off for a cruise round the world next week. There's very little hope of curing him, but at least she will nurse him devotedly."

EMMY finally broke in. "All this is fascinating," she said, "but it gets us no nearer Helen's murder or the invisible ink or—"

"Or me," put in Veronica. "Do get on with it, Uncle Henry."

"I'm sorry," said Henry. "I had to tell you all that first so that you could understand what comes next. And the two are, in fact, connected. There was never any problem about how Helen was killed — the question was why. And from this point of view Rachel Field's suitcase was even more interesting than Helen's body. Somebody in frantic haste had ransacked that case, throwing everything on to the floor. Had this person found what he was looking for? Was there anything missing? There didn't seem to be. The light didn't dawn on me until Helen's funeral, when that nice Mrs. Sedge started talking about—"

"Tissue paper!" cried Veronica triumphantly.

"Now you've spoilt the point of my story," said Henry.

"If you'd only let me go in there, I'd have seen straight away . . ." Veronica said. "I mean her hotel bedroom was a mass of tissue paper —"

"And there wasn't a scrap of it in Helen's office next morning," added Henry. "It sounded crazy, but Helen was apparently murdered so that somebody could extract the tissue paper from Rachel Field's case; and Rachel herself must be somehow implicated, because she never remarked on the fact that it had gone. Then two things happened. Some mysterious writing appeared on a piece of paper which had been blank before; and I remembered Emmy making a skirt from a paper pattern and I saw the light.

"The toiles came out of the workrooms in the guise of perfectly plain, square, new sheets of tissue paper with no markings on them at all. In fact, these sheets were used to wrap certain garments taken out to be photographed by 'Style'."

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MURDER A LA MODE

Emmy clapped a hand to her forehead. "Of course! What a fool I am. Invisible ink!"

"Got it at last!" cried Veronica. "And d'you know, I actually bought the ink myself . . . for Teresa, for Helen —"

"Ronnie!" Henry was stern. "Don't speak until you're spoken to."

Veronica giggled, Henry went on. "The method of smuggling out the designs was beautifully simple and only required the collaboration of one employee in each couture house. So far, our only sure proof comes from Monnier's. The girl would make an excuse to work late, and then trace a paper pattern of the pieces of a toile, together with sewing instructions, in invisible ink on white tissue paper. She would then mark the paper unobtrusively and put it away. We know that Rachel Field was responsible for getting the dresses from the ateliers to be photographed by 'Style.' The dress would come wrapped in this apparently innocuous paper.

"It was easy enough for Rachel to send it back wrapped in ordinary tissue paper and keep the marked sheets for her own packing. Once safely home, she would send the sheets to Nicholas Knight, who had only to expose them to the heat of an electric fire to bring up the markings — and there were his Paris models. Of course, he couldn't expect more than a few toiles each season. His other copies he did, as he said, cut by eye from photographs. And here we must have a slight digression.

"It was clear that Knight was also getting Paris pictures ahead of their release dates. Where from? As soon as I saw a picture of Ronnie on the Eiffel Tower on his desk, I knew that it was 'Style' pictures he was getting. Michael Healy had been making his own prints the night before, having sent his assistant home; and he took a briefcase away from the office with him. It seemed certain that Michael himself was supplying Nicholas with illicit photographs. I decided that he would only do so under pressure, and I remembered certain extremely catty remarks that Nicholas had made to me.

"In the end, I went straight to Michael and put it to him. He was nearly at the end of his tether, and told me the truth. Once, years ago, he had been mixed up in a nasty scandal. Knight knew this, and threatened to denounce him to Gibbs — not to mention Teresa — unless he supplied the photographs. I persuaded Michael to let me tell Teresa the whole story, which she took very well, and I told him he needn't worry about Knight any more. I also managed to get this season's pictures out of Knight's office for him. I don't think he'll have any more worries."

"All right," said Emmy. "My

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MURDER A LA MODE

Continued from page 69

head's whirring, but I think I'm with you so far. You still haven't explained why Helen was killed or who stole the tissue paper . . ."

"Nobody stole it," said Henry. "Its rightful owner collected it."

"What I still don't see," said Donald, "is the connection between him and Rachel Field."

"That puzzled me, too," said Henry, "until I went back over the evidence and realised that Knight was lying when he said he'd never met her before that night at Gibbs'. Everybody confirmed that he didn't go near her all the evening until he came up to her and Barry and — in Barry's words — 'suggested we should leave, and also said we should take Miss Field, as she lived in the same direction as I.' So — he knew her and he knew where she lived, but he denied it. Why?

"Then I suddenly remembered a tiny moment when I was interviewing him and when I mentioned that I wanted to investigate the relationships between various people and he nearly fainted with fright. That was when the thought came to me suddenly that they must be brother and sister. I sent a man to check at Somerset House and sure enough Nicholas Knight changed his name some years ago by deed poll. His real name was Nicholas Field."

HENRY paused. "I know more about it now," he said. "I've spoken to both of them. They were born to parents living in respectable, white-collar poverty — the worst sort. Rachel is eight years older than Nicholas and has been responsible for him since their parents died when she was sixteen and he eight. She supported him, educated him, brought him up — and idolised him. When it became obvious that his talent lay in dress design she sent him to art school. She took a job on 'Style' to be closer to his interests.

"All the time she was growing more and more fanatical about one idea. He should have his own salon. It would be the most elegant and sought-after in London. He would make his name. He agreed with this — in principle, but he realised that it would take years of hard work. When Rachel hit on the scheme for smuggling toiles out of Paris, he was only too keen to co-operate. Obviously there must be no connection between them, so he changed his name and they saw as little as possible of each other. Rachel provided the initial capital to start his salon. The Paris designers, plus Nicholas' own talent, did the rest. He landed his contract with Barrimodes and success seemed to be in sight . . . and then things went wrong."

"What went wrong?" Emmy asked.

"First of all the rumors and the Duchess' dress. Then Godfrey Gibbs, who wanted to stamp out the racket and had a bright — and right — idea of what was going on. He could not do much about it himself, so he enlisted Helen's help. She in turn went to Patrick, who as an artist and art editor knew more about inks than she did. The letter which I found in Helen's desk was obviously intended, not for her dressmaker, as I thought, but for Gibbs. Attached to it was a sheet of paper on which she had written in the type of ink which appears only when subjected to heat. She said in the letter that it was not quite the same as the ink available in Paris, but that she had asked Teresa to bring her back a sample."

"That's what I bought," Veronica burst out. "I brought it back to the hotel and gave it to Miss Masten and —"

"And it disappeared out of her suitcase," said Henry. "Obviously, Helen, knowing it was there, took it herself and put it on her desk. That sealed her fate — that and the fact that she had accidentally opened Rachel's case and let some tissue paper spill out, and that she had put on the electric fire . . ."

"Henry! Go a bit slower," Emmy begged.

"All right. We're back at Gibbs' party. Patrick has had rather too much to drink. He hates Knight and he shoots his mouth off without really knowing what he's talking about. He says, 'Helen and I know what you're up to,' or words to that effect. This rattles Knight. As soon as they have dropped Barry, Nicholas and Rachel have a long and serious talk.

"She has to admit that the toiles are still in her suitcase at 'Style' . . . in Helen's office. Knight insists that she should go back and collect the case. After all, there's nothing suspicious about that. She can just walk in and say she's come to get her case. So they drive back to Earl Street and she lets herself in with her own key. Nicholas goes back to his flat.

"Inside all is dark and quiet except for the light from Helen's open door and the clicking of her typewriter. Olwen has just left. Helen is too absorbed with her work to be aware of extraneous noises — if she did hear the lift she probably connected it with Olwen. Rachel

To page 77

LULUBELLE

"Fancy them sending me home from school for wearing THIS!"

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MAN'S JACKET TO KNIT

● In Professor Higgins mood, the handsome jacket shown at right is knitted in tweed yarn with directions for 38, 40, and 42in. chest measurements.

Materials: 10 (11, 12) 2oz. balls "Sirdar" Candytwist, 1 pair each No. 6 and No. 7 knitting needles, a stitch-holder, and 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42) in. chest; length, 25¼ (26, 26½) in.; sleeve seam, 19in.

Tension: 9½ sts. measure 2in. in width, over twisted st-st. on No. 6 needles.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch(es); st.-st., stocking-st.; inc., increase by working twice into 1 st.; tog., together; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; beg., beginning; sl., slip.

Note: The garment is worked entirely in twisted st.-st. — i.e., work into backs of sts. on knit rows, and work purl rows in the ordinary way. Work into backs of all knit sts. except where otherwise directed.

BACK

Cast on 95 (100, 105) sts. loosely with No. 7 needles. Work 7 rows twisted st.-st. K 1 row on wrong side. Work 8 rows twisted st.-st.

Next Row: Turn back lower edge and knit tog. 1 st. from needle and corresponding loop from cast-on edge, all along row, thus making a hem. P 1 row. Change to No. 6 needles. Continue in twisted st.-st. until work measures 16½in., ending after a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of every row until 75 (78, 81) sts. remain. Proceed straight until work measures 25 (25¼, 26) in., ending after a knit row.

To Shape Neck and Shoulders—Next Row: P 28 (29, 30), cast off 19 (20, 21) sts., p to end. Proceeding on last 28 (29, 30) sts. for right side of neck, dec. at neck edge of next 4 rows only, while casting off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next side-edge row and 8 sts. on next 2 side-edge rows.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. and k to end. Complete left side to match, reversing shapings.

POCKET BACKS
(Both alike)

Cast on 28 sts. with No. 6 needles. Work 34 rows twisted st-st. Break wool and leave sts. on a spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 52 (54, 56) sts. loosely with No. 7 needles. Work 7 rows twisted st-st. K 1 row. Cast on 8 sts. Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 7, sl. 1, k to end. **2nd Row:** Purl.

Repeat these 2 rows 3 times more.

Next Row: K 7, sl. 1, make hem as for back over remaining sts. P 1 row.

Change to No. 6 needles. Continue thus:

1st Row: K 7, sl. 1, k 20, p 1, k 26, p 1, k 4 (6, 8). **2nd Row:** Purl.

Work 32 more rows in this manner.

To Join Pocket — Next Row: K 7, sl. 1, k 20, place next 28 sts. on stitch-holder and k sts. of one pocket back in place of them, k 4 (6, 8). Omitting pocket outline, proceed until work measures 11 inches, ending after a wrong-side row.

To Shape Front: Dec. in next and every 6th row following, thus: K 7, sl. 1, k 2 tog. through the FRONTS of the sts., work to end.

Continuing to dec. thus every 6th row, proceed until work measures 16½in., finishing at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Continuing front shapings, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. at side edge on following 8 (9, 10) rows.

Now work side edge straight and continue to dec. at front edge every 6th row until 35 (36, 37) sts. remain. Proceed straight until work measures 25 (25¼, 26) in., finishing at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next row and 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 alternate rows. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next (front edge) row. Work 3in. on remaining 7 sts., slipping central st. on every right side row. Leave sts. on a safety-pin.

To Complete Pocket Top (right side facing): With No. 7 needles, p sts. from holder, dec. at both ends. Beg. with a p row, work 6 rows st-st. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 52 (54, 56) sts. loosely with No. 7 needles. Work 7 rows twisted st-st. Break wool. Cast 8 sts. on to free needle, then k sts. of main needle. Work 8 rows, slipping 8th st. from end of every k row.

Next Row: Make hem until 8 sts. remain, sl. 1, k 7. P 1 row. Change to No. 6 needles.

Next Row: K 4 (6, 8), p 1, k 26, p 1, k 15, cast off 3 sts. for buttonhole, k 1, sl. 1, k 2, cast off 3 sts. for 2nd half of buttonhole, k 1. P 1 row, casting on 3 sts. over each group of cast-off sts.

Proceed as right front, reversing shapings and making 5 more pairs of buttonholes at equal intervals, the last 1in. below beg. of front shaping. Work front shaping thus: K to last 10 sts., k 2 tog. through the BACKS of the sts., sl. 1, k to end.

SLEEVES
(Both alike)

Cast on 42 (46, 50) sts. loosely with No. 7 needles. Proceed as lower edge of back until hem is worked. P 1 row. Continue in twisted st-st. Inc. at both ends of next and every 6th row following until there are 56 (60, 64) sts., then on every 8th row until there are 70 (74, 78) sts.

Proceed straight until work measures 19in. ending after a p row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. at both ends on every alternate row until 48 (52, 56) sts. remain, then on every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under a damp cloth. Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Set sleeves into armholes. Sew down pocket backs and hem pocket tops. Place the 2 sets of sts. of back neck extensions with right sides tog. and cast off 1 st. from each needle at the same time. Sew to back of neck. Fold front and neck borders along the lines of slipped sts. and hem to wrong side. Sew the 4 cast-off sts. at shoulder edges of front border to shoulder seams. Neaten double buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

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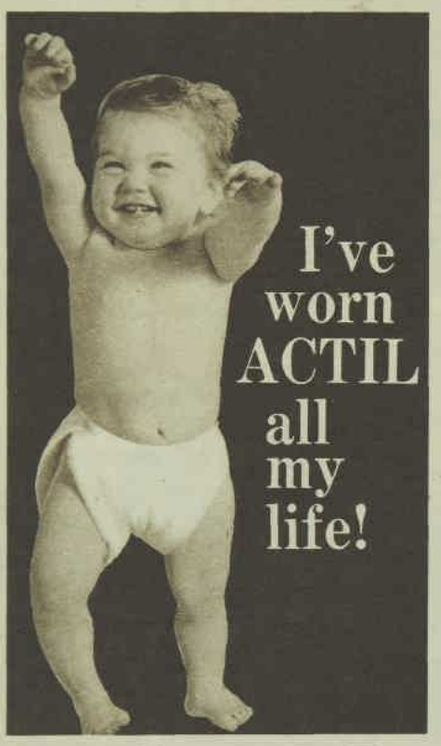

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Authorised by J. L. Carrick, Liberal Party of Australia.

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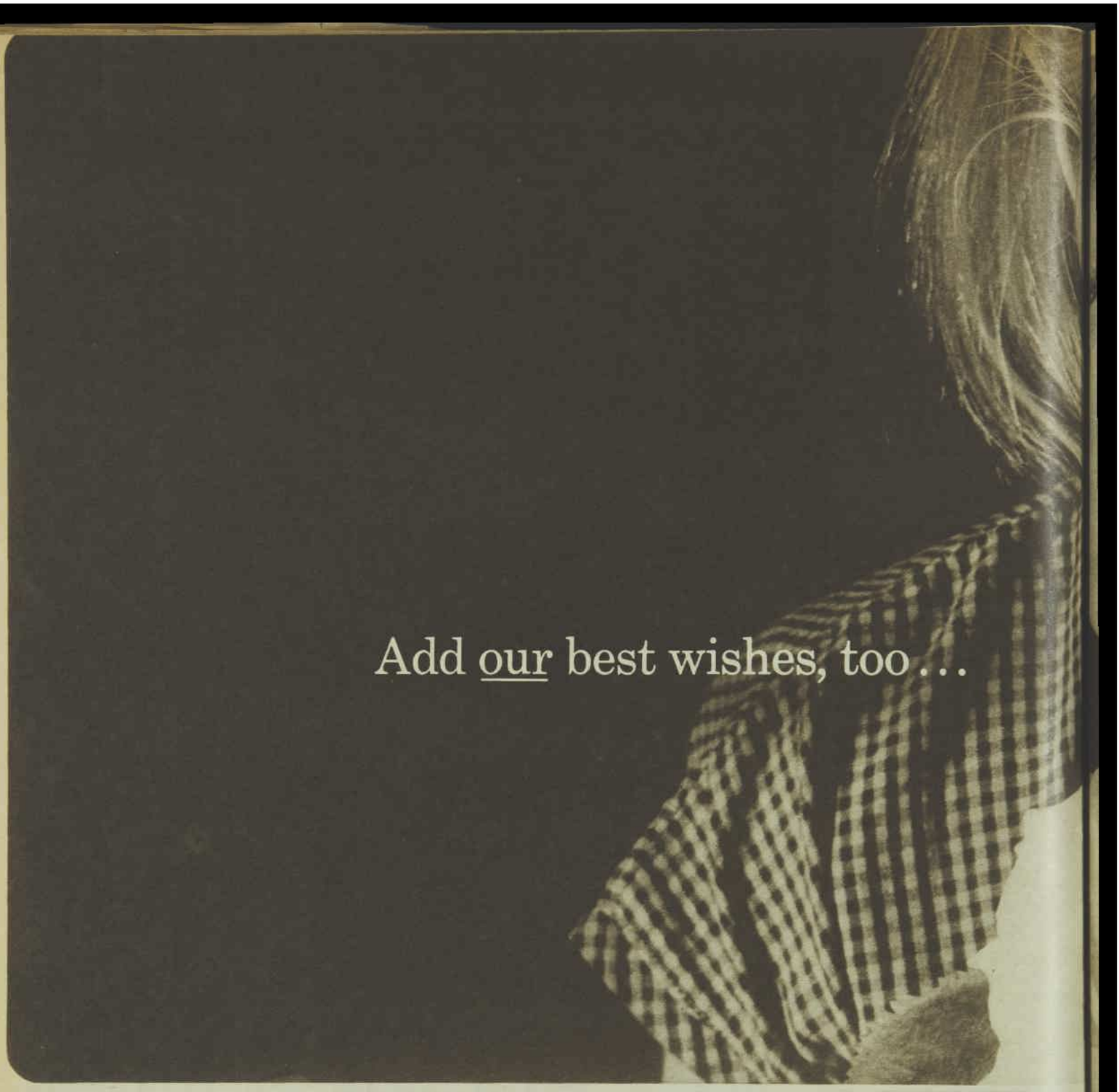

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Continued from page 70

gets to the office doorway — and stops dead in the shadows. What she can see is her suitcase, open, and the tissue paper escaping from it, with its markings showing clearly, having been brought up by the heat of the fire. And on Helen's desk a bottle of the special invisible ink from Paris.

"Personally, I doubt if Helen had even noticed what had happened to the tissue paper — but she would have in the morning. Rachel knows that the game is up. The years of working and struggling and cheating and scheming to make Nicholas Knight famous . . . were they all to end in disgrace and prison? Then I think she thought of the flask and the cyanide. She slipped along the corridor like a shadow, put the poison in the flask, wiped it, and walked back down the stairs. It must have been from the mews at the back that she telephoned Nicholas and told him what he must do.

"He was to watch from the window of his bedroom, which looked straight into Helen's office. As soon as Helen was dead he was to slip across the street, let himself in with the key which Rachel would give him, and remove both the tissue paper and the ink bottle. He was to throw the key away — for there must be absolutely no contact between them for some time. It would be too dangerous to try to send it back. She intended to report the loss of the key much later on, when the hue and cry had died down.

"To do Nicholas credit, he did exactly as he was told. He must have been in a terrible state of nerves, and I don't blame him. It must be quite an ordeal, even for a balanced person, to go and burgle a room which contains the body of somebody he has helped to murder and whom he has just watched die. It's no wonder that he simply grabbed the tissue paper out of the case and left everything else scattered all over the floor. If he'd repacked it and shut it we might never have got at the truth."

"How do you know all this, Uncle Henry?" Veronica demanded. "Have they confessed?"

"They've filled in the details," said Henry, "but I had guessed the broad outlines. Rachel gave herself away."

"How?"

"It was bad luck for her," said Henry, "that Beth asked to borrow her key so soon after the murder. Not being able to produce it, she was forced to admit that it was lost and also to maintain that she hadn't noticed it was missing. Now she kept it on the same ring with her house keys and it was a big, heavy thing. I couldn't believe that she wouldn't have noticed its absence at once. Then she was upset when I told her that the murderer must have come back to rifle the suitcase. She knew perfectly well that her case had been ransacked. She'd even seen it and her only emotion was anger. The second time I mentioned it she was frightened — because I told her that I knew the murderer had come back to the building later.

"By that time I was pretty close behind her and she knew it. My trouble was that I hadn't enough proof. The crucial paper patterns had been burnt and the ink destroyed. I had no case that would stand up in court. It was at this point that my charming but nitwitted niece decided to take a hand." He bowed to Veronica. "Will you go on from there?"

"Not nitwitted at all," said Veronica, spiritedly. "Jolly bright, I call it. You see, I'd bought this ink in Paris . . . of course, Miss Masters didn't know what it was for or how important it was, or she'd never have let an idiot like me have anything to do with it. It was just a commission that Miss Pankhurst had asked her to do, and she was busy, so she sent me to get it. I never connected it up with the murder at all until I went to Nicholas Knight's for fittings.

"Then I suddenly remembered that last time I was showing for him, just after the last Paris Collections, I'd seen them making one of what he calls his Paris specials, and I'd seen bits of paper with those funny ink-marks on them—and something clicked! I wanted to tell Uncle Henry, but he was beastly and wouldn't let me, so I thought, 'I'll show him. I'll do it alone.' When I say alone, I mean with Donald, of course.

"You see, I was certain Knight was involved, but I knew he must have an accomplice, because he never went to Paris. So I had this idea. I went round saying very loudly in the atelier and all over the place that I knew his guilty secret. That would get round fast enough—dress houses are marvellous places for gossip. Then I decided to disappear. Dramatically. I'll hide somewhere nice and quiet, I thought, and Donald can watch Knight's place like a hawk, and the accomplice is bound to turn up, because neither of them will know what's happened to me, and each will think that the other has taken steps."

"Didn't it strike you that after your disappearance Knight and his accomplice would be less likely than ever to communicate with each other? Anyhow, tell us how you actually did it," Henry said.

"Well—we were going to Porchester to disappear, but then Donald's mother got ill, so we thought up a much better plan. He went down to Essex on Friday to sort of soften them up for the blow. Then I went and sent myself a telegram on Friday evening. I showed it to Nancy, to make sure she knew. Then I put on my full Paris warpaint and my red coat and made myself really conspicuous.

"Well, then I got to Waterloo, and I went into the cloakroom and changed into my old navy-blue suit and my rabbit hat, and I took off all my make-up and put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and simply took a tube to Liverpool Street and a train to Hockton, and had a lovely weekend with Donald's parents. I think they were beginning to get suspicious when you telephoned."

"Telephoned?" Emmy sounded bewildered. "You mean, you knew she was there, Henry?"

"I knew she'd disappeared on purpose. It seemed an obvious place for her to be."

"Uncle Henry was furious," said Veronica. "I thought the telephone was going to explode. Anyhow, the nice policemen from Chelmsford came and smuggled me out. We phoned Uncle Henry at Scotland Yard to say we were on the way, and then we drove like a whirlwind to London, with me hidden on the floor under a rug.

"When we got to Scotland Yard, Uncle Henry asked me if I knew Elvira at Nicholas Knight's, and, of course, I did. He said he'd been in touch with her, and she was prepared to smuggle me in through the back staircase that leads up from The Orangery, and to take the bottle of ink from him and put it in my bouquet. Then he told me what I had to say and do . . . and . . . well, that's it."

"Lots of people helped me at the last moment," said Henry. "Elvira was wonderful, and Margery French made sure that the 'Style' people all got there early, and arranged to bring Rachel Field along, which was unusual—her secretary doesn't normally go to dress shows. I wasn't expecting Michael and Patrick, but it seems that Margery begged Patrick to come along and give her moral support, and that he was lunching with Michael, anyhow. So we staged our little drama—and, as I had hoped, it was too much for Knight's nerves. What would have happened if we'd had two people of Rachel's calibre to deal with, I don't like to . . ."

He looked round, with the sudden, curious sense that he had lost most of his audience. Donald was kissing Veronica with a fervor which indicated that neither of them would be interested in anything else for quite some time. Emmy smiled and said, "Never mind, dear. That's enough explaining. Come out to the kitchen and help me to get the meal."

The End

(c) Patricia Moyes, 1963. The novel "Murder A La Mode," by Patricia Moyes, is published by William Collins.

MURDER A LA MODE

"He's after a criminal. He's following a scent!"

Notice to Contributors

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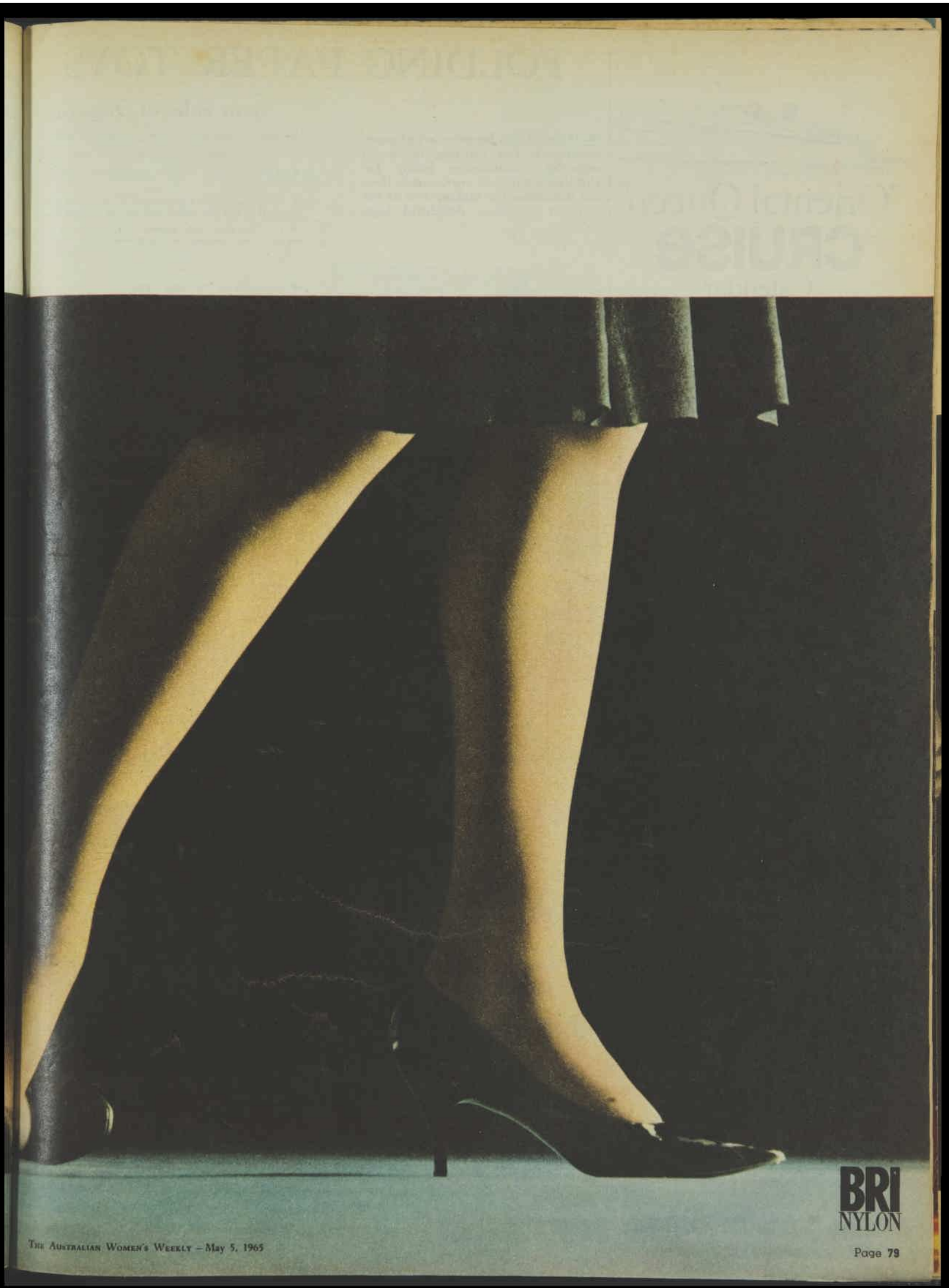

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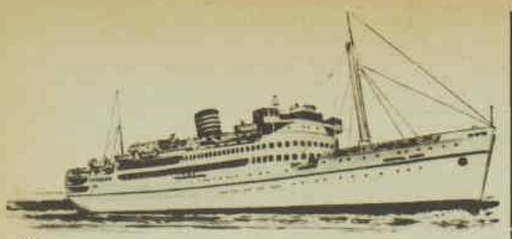

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LAXO

FOLDING PAPER TOYS

● Origami, the Japanese art of paper folding, is fast catching on as an engaging, constructive hobby for children (and even grown-ups). Here are directions for making two of the simplest of these delightful toys.

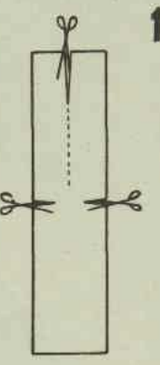
Basic rules of Origami

- Choose a flat, hard surface on which to work.
- Be sure to make straight folds in the paper.
- Make the creases sharp by pressing along them with your thumbnail.
- If possible choose a paper with a color, texture, and design that will add beauty and interest to your model.
- Do experiment with different kinds of paper. Try typing paper, gift wrapping and shelf paper, magazine pages or covers, colored comics, and even stiff fabrics like buckram for a variety of effects.

● *More folding toys next week.*

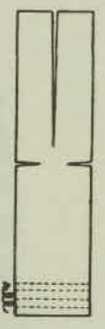
(From "Folding Paper Toys" by Shari Lewis and Lillian Oppenheimer, published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London.)

WHIRLYBIRD



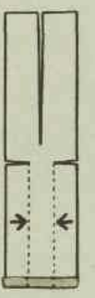
1

START with a narrow strip of paper. Make three cuts: one, lengthwise along centre almost to midpoint; two, opposite each other at the midpoint, each of these cuts one-third the width of the paper.



2

AT the bottom of the paper, fold the bottom edge up a little and turn this fold over on itself three times. Crease folds sharply.

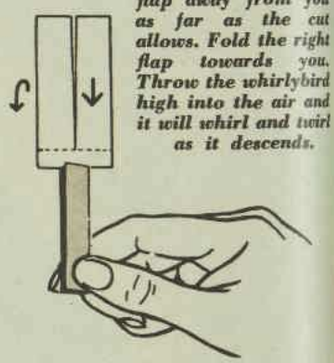


3

FOLD the right edge of the lower half over as far as your cut allows. Fold the left edge of the lower half over the right side. Pick up the figure.

4

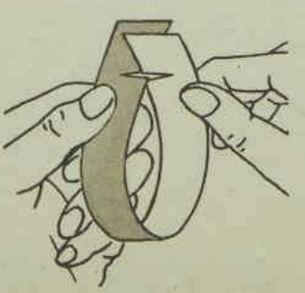
FOLD the left upper flap away from you as far as the cut allows. Fold the right flap towards you. Throw the whirlybird high into the air and it will whirl and twirl as it descends.



FLYING FISH

1

START with a narrow strip of paper. Cut a slit half way across on upper right-hand side of strip. Repeat on the lower left-hand side of the strip.



2

BRING the bottom slit up to meet the top slit and slip one into the other, linking them.

3

THROW the flying fish high into the air and it will whirl and twirl on its way down to the ground.

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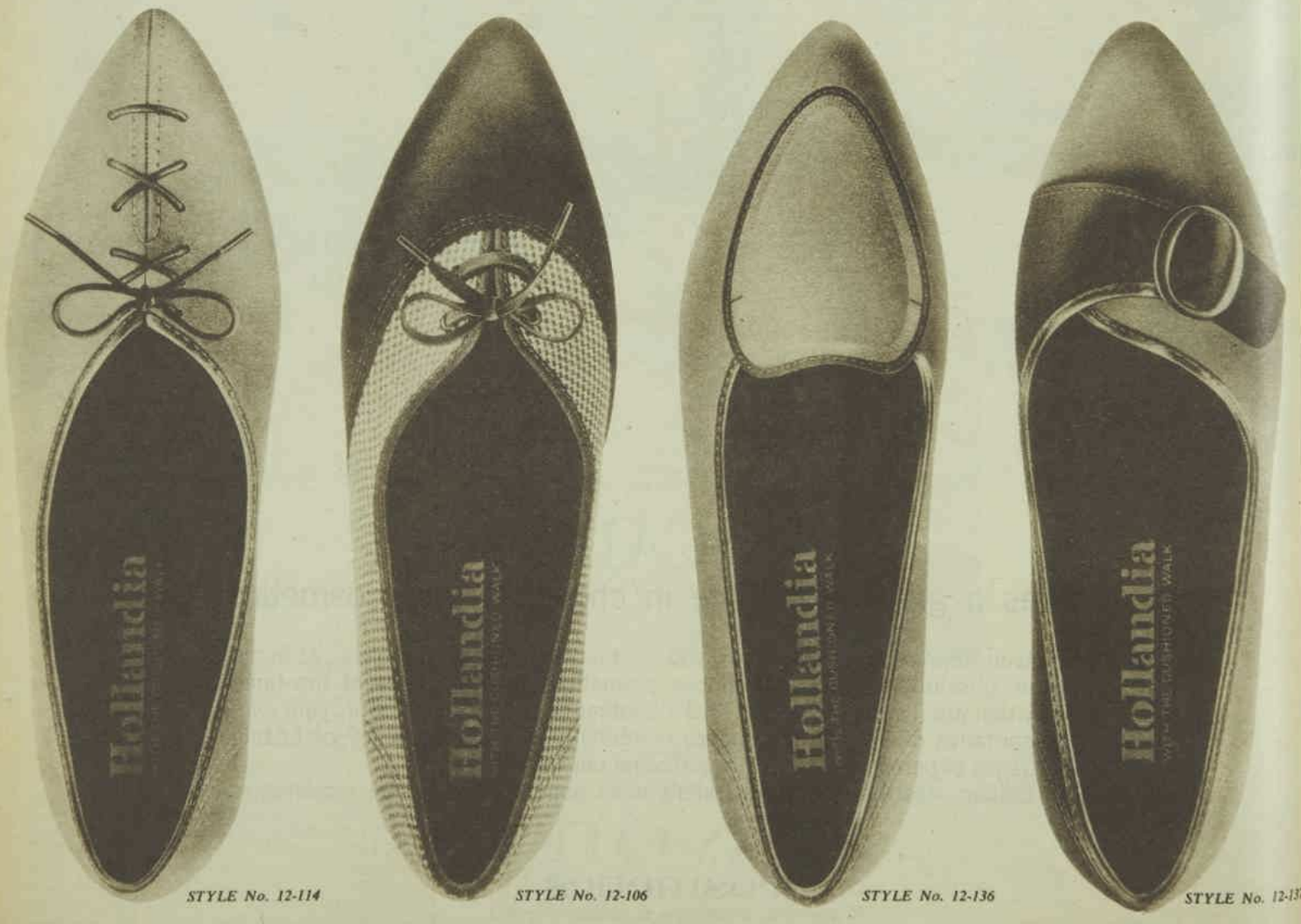

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Teenagers WEEKLY

MALAYSIAN PRINCESSES Sharifa Jalina (left) and Sharifa Junita relax in the garden at the home of Mrs. W. H. Dobson, of East Ivanhoe, where Jalina lives. Junita boards at St. Catherine's, Toorak.

Malaysian princesses love the Beatles (AND THE PRINCE WOULD LIKE TO TRY SURFING)

● Although two Malaysian princesses studying in Melbourne are the daughters of Syed Putra, at present the Paramount Ruler of Malaysia, their interests are the same as those of other teenagers.

THEY are enthusiastic fans of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and Top 40 music. They share a love for tennis, like to sew, and enjoy cooking, dancing, and going to parties.

The girls are 19-year-old Princess Sharifa Jalina, who is taking a three-year home economy course at the Emily McPherson Domestic College, and her sister 16-year-old Princess Sharifa Junita, who is studying for her Leaving Certificate at St. Catherine's, Toorak.

The Paramount Ruler, called the Yang Di-Pertuan Agong, reigns for a five-year term. When the girls' father's reign ends in September, he will return to rule over his own province, Perlis, in the far north of Malaysia.

It was confusing to be told by the princesses that they have eight brothers and sisters—but that there are 13 children in the family.

"Oh, that's because our father has two wives," Jalina said, grinning. "We are Moslem you see, and we have three half-brothers.'

The three youngest boys are the children of the Paramount Ruler's second wife —but to Jalina and Junita it's just a very big family, scattered all over the world, and they miss them very much.

SCHOOLBOY PRINCE on the way to classes at The Kings School, Sydney, Syed Zanel Anuar, who is the brother of Princesses Sharifa Jalina and Sharifa Junita. With two younger brothers, who are at The Kings Preparatory School, Syed came to Australia at the beginning of the year.

Two brothers and two sisters are studying in England — one brother is at Sandhurst Royal Military College. A married sister is at home in Kuala Lumpur. Two brothers are studying in Lahore, Pakistan, one brother and two half-brothers are at The Kings School, Parramatta, Sydney, and the youngest half-brother is still at home.

This is the first time the girls have been away from home. They receive regular mail from their father and mother, who hope to come to Australia for a visit when time permits.

Junita is in boarding-school, and Jalina lives with Mrs. W. H. Dobson, of East Ivanhoe, a member of the Australian-Asian Association.

Junita joins her sister at Mrs. Dobson's at weekends.

"They are a joy to have in the house. Both girls have the most marvellous spirit of fun, and they're no trouble at all," says Mrs. Dobson.

Petite and attractive, with their shy smiles and halting words, the girls make friends readily, although they knew no one when they first arrived in Melbourne.

They seem willing to help in the house at any time, and that they have been used to having servants to do these things for them is not apparent.

They enjoy entertaining their friends, and on Junita's first free weekend the princesses held a small party and prepared a Malaysian-Chinese supper.

The princesses' brother 13-year-old Syed Zanel Anuar is taking to Australian school life "like a duck to water," in the words of his housemaster at The Kings School, Parramatta.

Called "Syed" (which is his Malaysian title) by his schoolmates, the prince is quiet and shy, but instantly likeable.'

The two younger princes (his half-brothers), Azni, 11, and Rashid, 10, live at The Kings Preparatory School. The brothers see each other frequently.

After about two months in Australia, Syed has found his new life not so very different from the old, when he was going to school in Kuala Lumpur.

His summer term activities have included playing basketball and billiards, but it was obvious from his eager response that his real sport is soccer.

"At home we did a lot of hiking, too," he said. "Boys do much the same things over there. We have movies, cowboy ones, too, and television. We don't go surfing, though. I have never been in the surf, but I'd like to."

His command of English, which comes from five years' school study, is good, and getting better.

Household chores might come easily to the girls of the family, but to Syed having to make his bed was one of the strangest new customs which living at an Australian school entailed.

Casual cap to crochet

Materials: 3 balls Patons Ariel Triple Knitting Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 6.

Measurements: To fit an average head.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 2in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; w.o.h., wool over hook.

Make 24 ch., 1 ch. to turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of row, 1 ch. to turn.

****2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into each of next 6 d.c., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in each st. to end of row, 1 ch. to turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 12 d.c., turn.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

6th Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 18 d.c., turn.

7th Row: As 3rd row.

8th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end of row, 1 ch. to turn.

Rep. 8th row 3 times.

12th Row: As 2nd row.

13th Row: As 3rd row.

Rep. 8th row 4 times. **

Rep. from ** to ** 3 times. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join seam. Gather up top edge.

BRIM

With right side of work facing, join in wool at lower edge * (w.o.h., insert hook in same st., draw up a loop 1 inch in length) 3 times, w.o.h. and draw through all loops on hook (a bobble made) 1 ch., miss 1 st. Rep. from * all round.

2nd Round: * 1 bobble in 1st space, 1 ch., miss 1 bobble. Rep. from * all round, join with a slip-st. Fasten off.

Make a pompon and attach to top. Press seam.

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WINTER MISERY?

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Something to sing about

I READ Margaret Price's letter saying her school in the U.S.A. is producing *Bye Bye Birdie*. I am very proud of my school, John Curtin High, which has produced two musicals in the past two years and is producing a third this year.

These were *The Gondoliers, White Horse Inn*, and this year's is *The Vagabond King*. We are fortunate to have what has been described as the most magnificent school hall in Australia. It has a very large stage and an orchestra pit. Students who sing in the musicals come from fourth and fifth year.

It is mainly due to the work of teachers that we are able to put on these productions. Music teachers spend many hours with us and take the principal singers home to practise. Parents help by making costumes.

Students help make the scenery under the guidance of the arts and crafts teacher, help set up the hall, handle the lighting and make-up, and act as ushers.

We have a 20-piece orchestra for these musicals and are extremely grateful to our fabulous teachers and the people who make it all possible. — *Pamela Bunter, Bicton, W.A.*

★ ★ ★

LAST year our high school (600 pupils) presented the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta *Trial by Jury*.

Art students were given the task of preparing the backdrops and the stage furniture was provided by the woodwork pupils. The musical accompaniment was arranged by one of the school's budding pianists. Both students and teachers took part and it was great fun and good experience.

If they haven't already done so, other schools might like to try. — *"Triers," Darwin.*

Mod fashions

I WOULD like to inform many so-called mods that they are not mods at all. If a mod has bought his or her clothes at a large department store, he or she can be sure that they are not the latest mod clothing.

A true mod sets the fashion and doesn't follow it. As soon as the present fashions hit the large stores, the real mods drop them.

The fashions of the true mods rarely last, but the fake mods keep them for about six months.

I like many of the clothes that are in the stores now and I wear them, but I do not pretend to be a mod. — *"Pinky," Wollongong, N.S.W.*

Discrimination

WE often hear protests against the discrimination against aborigines in some towns. No doubt the university students in their recent Freedom Ride set out with good intentions. But what was the result? Nothing but trouble.

If anyone was to protest, why wasn't it the aborigines? The American negroes can do it, so why not the aborigines? Because they're not very concerned.

They are helped a great deal in many ways, yet the majority just live in unhygienic conditions and stay ignorant and backward. No wonder they are discriminated against.

I'm not being prejudiced—I am a half-caste. If people don't want to take advantage of what is being offered, I don't feel it is worth fighting for more rights for them.— *"Girl Critic," Dubbo, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Would you like to hear how I made my first million?"

NEXT WEEK

● Do boys really prefer long hair, as everyone's always saying? Kerry Yates asked several young-men - about - town. Color pictures.

They're in key

THIS is my first year of typing. We started learning to dreary old music, and after a while this became very boring. Then our teacher, who is a swinging person, started playing the Shadows' music.

Now we all take an interest in typing, and I can honestly say that everybody has improved and we keep in better time. Dreary music should be abolished and replaced with something like our swinging teacher gives us. — *Karen Ranie, Ingham, Qld.*

Terrible trades

WHY should young men serve a five-year apprenticeship in any of the manual trades? Clerical occupations have no apprenticeship, and the clerical employee at the age of 21 has a cleaner job, more money, more public holidays, and more sick leave.

My father is a tradesman and my sister is a stenographer, yet my sister has better working conditions at the age of 19 than my father has after nearly a lifetime at his trade.

He works a 40-hour week and she works only for 36¼ hours. He gets three weeks' annual leave, she gets that, too, plus additional holidays at Christmas.

He gets ten public holidays per year. She gets 13. He gets ten days' sick leave per year, she gets about two months.

Become an apprentice tradesman? Never. I am going to be a clerk. For once I am going to accept his advice and keep clear of the trades. — *Peter Flynn, Mowbray Heights, Tas.*

Teacher talk

SOME of the things said by teachers are hilarious. Here are some examples from our teachers: "Watch the board while I go through it." "Go through the door." "Be quiet or I'll put you on the board." "Pass out in silence."

These same teachers often look puzzled and wonder why we laugh.—*Anna Polini, Mt. Gambier, S.A.*

Beauty in brief

BUSHY BROWS

DO your eyebrows need shaping but you don't know where to begin? Well, here are a few tips to deal with those bushy brows.

To make tweezing easier, first open the pores by applying a hot facecloth to the brows, then rubbing them with an oily cream.

Begin plucking directly over the inner corner of the eye. Tweeze all hairs that stray beyond that point and any hairs over the bridge of the nose.

Next, following the natural shape of the brow, tweeze away stray hairs, pulling out in the direction they grow.

Don't pluck too much from the ends of the eyebrows.

Slant a pencil from each nostril to the outside corner of each eye; the eyebrow should end at the pencil.

Finish with eyebrow-pencil or a stroke of baby oil or petroleum jelly. Afterwards, comb brow gently into place.

—CAROLYN EARLE

THE CLASSICS

BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*

MOST of the great and lasting operas were written by men who were either operatic composers first and foremost, like Verdi and Puccini, or, at least, spent much of their time writing operatic works, like Mozart.

The outstanding exception was Beethoven, who wrote only one opera, *Fidelio*, but one which is generally reckoned to be a masterpiece.

A brilliant and forceful interpretation of this opera has been issued by Decca on a two-record set. The young American conductor Lorin Maazel directs a distinguished international cast led by soprano Birgit Nilsson and tenor James McCracken. The orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic.

Like many now-admired operas, *Fidelio* had little success at its first performance. Beethoven revised it repeatedly, both before and after this premiere, and although it met with more appreciation at later revivals it is understandable that the composer did not attempt the labor of operatic composition again.

The story is a simple one of a devoted wife who disguises herself as a boy in order to rescue her husband from the hands of a tyrant. The operatic tastes of Vienna in Beethoven's time demanded that opera should include spoken dialogue and a certain amount of comic relief; the contrast between these "comic opera" traits and Beethoven's noble and serious treatment of the main theme may be a little disconcerting to listeners who are not forewarned of it.

—MARTIN LONG

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5341615

THIS WINTER THE LOOK IS:

Young, zany, delightful

● Flattering, fun, and fabulously feminine sums up The Look for teens this winter.

THE Look is young. Who else but bright-eyed young gamins could get away with those mad owl glasses (dark glasses are still worn by "in" teens in the winter), the zany chin-hugging bonnets, or those crazy patterned stockings?

Stockings in lacy, ribbed, check, or tartan patterns are worn with everything. White lacy legs are seen after five with long-skirted Dolly dresses or teamed with mid-calf boots and suits during the day.

Colored stockings are marvellous for casual wear — how about yellow ribbed stockings worn with a matching yellow ribbed sweater?

Shoes for winter '65 mean thick-heeled, round-toed pumps (with T-bars, buckles, bows, buttons, or cut-outs) or flat-heeled boots reaching mid-calf.

They will be seen in colored suede, "skin" (lizard, crocodile, snake — fake, or real if you have that sort of money), and kid.

Shoes will also be seen with the new-look handbags; handbags that will swing from shoulder-length straps or chains and will often follow the quilted-leather look made famous by Chanel.

Suits will have boxy short jackets worn above those short, short skirts which swirl from pleats, gores, or flares.

Day dresses for winter carry on the theme of short skirts and will feature long sleeves, high necklines, figure-skimming silhouettes, and ruffles, ruffles, ruffles.

Made from crochet wool, lace, silk, or toning self-material, ruffles will be seen at wrists, necklines, dress-fronts, or even sometimes at the hemline. They will be teamed with matching covered buttons — and will look fabulous.

By JENNY IRVINE

Evening will see the hostess skirt again, romantic floor-length Dolly dresses, pantaloons, low necklines, and the "lacy look" in fabrics.

Lace which looks like grandmother's tablecloth or bedroom curtains is really IN; and hostess gowns cut simply on straight lines, and often with three-quarter sleeves which trumpet from the elbow, are for the "with-it" teens.

Hats? . . . This season they're peaked berets, little-boy hats, and fur-trimmed pillboxes in checks, suedes, or toning fabrics.

And fur is big news! Girls will be wearing fur (fake fur is marvellous) and feeling marvellous.

The feminine will love huge hats of fur, a ring of fur round the neck, chin, high, or the latest Mod fad —a fur muff.

The sporty girl will look fabulously casual in a fur-lined jacket or an incredibly long fake-leopard scarf wound carelessly round her neck.

It is the season of the Dolly girl and the racy Tomboy.

Here are some pointers for those who are Dolly girls:

- Ruffles everywhere.
- Flowers—scattered on collars, placed demurely at the V of a neckline, or worn in the hair.
- Short, short hemlines by day.
- Floor-length or ankle-length skirts by night.
- Long sleeves—more often than not with cuffs or frills.
- Courreges-style bonnets.
- Light, feathery, wide-weave tweeds or soft-wool crepes in pastel colors.
- Lace. Wool or cotton.
- Pale pink lips, wide eyes, and short, swingy, smooth hair which is swept up at night in swirls and curls with the help of fake hair-pieces (switches or hair-pieces made from synthetic fibres are not expensive), and often held with satin ribbon.

For the Tomboy:

- Knee-high or calf-length boots.
- Country-rib stockings.
- Knee-high socks.
- Peaked caps.
- Close-fitting helmets.

She will love divided skirts, lean-cut or bell-bottom trousers. The Tomboy will also wear the pantsuit (lean slacks with a smartly tailored matching jacket).

For her are the firm bulky tweeds, hard-wearing corduroy, jersey, leather, and suede made up in camel tones, bitter brown, grey, or golden corn. She will also like the strong colors (blue or red) and love precise checks.

For both Tomboy and Dolly this winter promises to be a fashion scene of fabulous fun!

Lean-cut tailored pants and matching jackets — and bonnets.

Short, short skirts for day-wear and romantic Dolly dresses at night.

Huge hats of fur. Muffs, too.

Low shoes with buckles and buttons, and mid-calf boots.

Lacy, ribbed, or checked stockings with everything.

Handbags swinging from shoulder-straps.

Short, swingy hair, swept up at night. Switches to match.

Ruffles, ruffles everywhere.

Hostess gowns with simple lines and extravagant lacy materials.

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Ship's stewardess

"I AM interested in becoming a ship's stewardess when I leave school, but I have no idea how to go about obtaining such a position. Could you help me with any particulars?"

"Janet," N.S.W.

Stewardess jobs are difficult to get. On the larger British and American ships, the crew is generally signed on in Britain or America for the round trip to Australia. On very rare occasions, a vacancy may occur on a Scandinavian ship in an Australian port before it returns to Europe. However, before you would be accepted, you must be at least 21 years old, and be prepared to make your own way back to Australia, without assistance from the shipping company or the Australian Government. It's hard work, and the pay, by Australian standards, is poor. Unless you have plenty of money for sightseeing and your return ticket, I would forget the idea. Concentrate now on taking up a career which is more secure. Then perhaps in a few years you can travel the luxurious way on a glamor passenger ship — as a passenger!

Money-conscious

"I AM a 17-year-old girl, quite attractive, and I think I could get almost any boy, but the one I am going out with at the moment is very mean. He never buys me anything, and when I complain he says he's saving for our marriage. He takes me out only on Wednesdays and the weekends. We intend getting engaged soon, and he said I could pick a ring, but when I did he said it was too dear — he only wanted to pay £100 and no more. Do you think I should leave him and get some boy who treats me better, or do you think he'll change when we marry?"

"Ill-treated," Vic.

If your friend reads this column perhaps he will recognise the person writing the letter and decide to leave YOU. You are cold-hearted and mercenary. This boy is obviously trying to finance your future lives together and yet you complain of going out only mid-week and at weekends. The fact that you wouldn't be satisfied with a ring that costs less than £100 indicates that you don't care for the boy. Don't you realise that most girls would forego an engagement ring altogether if they really loved the man. Wake up and stop being so selfish.

Women's Police Force

"I AM an attractive 18-year-old girl who works as a secretary. My ambition is to join the Police Force, but I am only five feet tall. Would I still be accepted? Could you give me some particulars as to whether the Leaving Certificate is necessary and where would I have to write for application?"

"Ambitious Shorty," N.S.W.

Unfortunately you would be too short. There is a five feet six minimum height requirement for the N.S.W. Women's Police Force. There is no set educational requirement, although the applicant must pass a standard test, not wear glasses, be unmarried and physically fit. Others who might be interested should write to the recruiting officer of the police training centre in their capital city.

Stay-at-home blues

"I AM 18 years old and have a very distressing problem. I have two younger sisters, one 17, the other 15, who both have reasonably steady boyfriends. However, I don't seem to be able to catch one. Every week they go off with their friends and I am stuck at home, and my mother asks embarrassing questions. Because of this I get irritable, and my mother and I are always arguing. What can I do about it?"

"Depressed," Qld.

Make plans to do something different each weekend. Perhaps go with a girlfriend to a football match, a record session, or just visiting. Once you are outside your home you will quickly lose this sense of inferiority and become more alive and interesting to other people. No one ever meets anyone sitting in their own living-room watching television, now do they?

Scooter licence

"FOR quite some time now I have wanted to buy my own motor-scooter, but my mother doesn't want me to get one until I have got my licence and know how to control one properly. Could you please tell me if it is possible to have lessons?"

"Scooter-bugged," N.S.W.

Most of the large Sydney metropolitan motor schools can arrange lessons in motor-scooter driving. But first a permit to learn is necessary (£1 from the Department of Motor Transport, Rothschild Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.). Girls and boys must be 16 years and nine months for a permit, and 17 for a licence. The licence, which is granted after a driving test and oral and eyesight test, costs £1/10/- per year.

Antiseptic needed quickly.
Is your household disinfectant good enough?

Unfortunately, it isn't.

When your child gets a cut or scratch, a household disinfectant is just not good enough—even if labelled "antiseptic."

Any disinfectant can kill certain germs under ideal test-conditions.

But in real life, in a child's wound, there can be **many** dangerous germs. Nothing you can buy will safely kill germs like the classic germicide and antiseptic: "Dettol."

It is the antiseptic recommended in over 450 medical text-books and papers. It is for sound reasons that "Dettol" is favoured by doctors; trusted by nurses; and used in so many of our great teaching hospitals.

When sympathy is needed: so is "Dettol."

For soothing, healing protection, apply "Dettol" Antiseptic Cream. Recommended for chapped and rough hands, sore lips, cold sores and other skin affections.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

HP10BR

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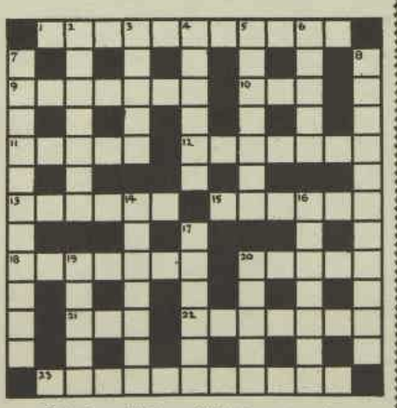
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE arrives at a society party to discover the place is in darkness. The Mole, who had gate-crashed the party earlier, fused the lights and stole the Mogul ruby. NOW READ ON...

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. For a choice between two things change an indigenous specimen (11).
9. Valiant man from N. Europe (7).
10. The whole produced by a challenger (3).
11. One French contains it to make one (5).
12. This is circular (7).
13. Left the inside of fissures (6).
15. Mix in due proportion to moderate (6).
18. Take comfort (5, 2).
20. Make a bobbin with turned nooses (5).
21. Lease anything to make a mass of water (3).
22. Ten rigs (anagr., 7).
23. His activity is not considered as a night shift (5-6).

DOWN

2. Network of crossed laths or bars with a frozen end (7).
3. Eve has it to avoid (5).
4. Nag one for minority (6).
5. Beautiful flower, in which you can see a rot (3, 4).
6. Russian river which flows to the Caspian Sea (5).
7. Such town is a Utopia (5-6).
8. This science helps with weather forecast (11).
14. Raised level space ending in a rapid onward movement (7).
16. Sip more (anagr., 7).
17. Advance to maturity (6).
19. Used by painters as in cel (5).
20. I with a lass could come from agave fibre (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

3007. — Buttonless raglan-sleeved coat with self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3290. — Mary Quant co-ordinates—coat, pinafore dress, blouse, and skirt. Sizes 30½, 31, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

2178.—Smart three-piece suit with back-buttoned over-blouse and slim skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

2799.—Attractive semi-fit dress with dolman sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

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Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

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have the kitchen-rich buttery flavour of home-made shortbread, baked to golden perfection

There is no Substitute for Quality

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